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NOTHING MORE HOPEFUL and refreshing has come out of Washington since Mr. Roosevelt took office than Secretary Hull's announcement that the new Administration was prepared to turn away from the economic nationalism of the Republican regime of the past twelve years. Having helped to move the world in such a direction that every nation now finds itself economically prostrate, Secretary Hull remarked, this country should cooperate in restoring the world to stability. This frank and courageous statement, supplemented by the insistence of Secretary Roper on our need to accept imports if we hope to sell exports, should do more than anything else to create a favorable atmosphere for the preliminary economic conference to which the President has invited Great Britain, France, Italy, Germany, Japan, China, Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Mexico, and Canada. The real test will come, of course, when the Administration attempts to apply its announced principles in concrete form. It will find itself stubbornly and relentlessly opposed at every point, not only by vested interests and professional nationalists at home, but by representatives of the invited countries who are themselves unable to think in any but nationalistic terms. In this atmosphere the Administration must have the courage never to lose sight of the fact that the spirit which aims to secure maximum nationalistic advantages for minimum concessions is self-defeating. It must never forget, for example, that it is ultimately more to our own advantage to reduce our own tariff than it is to that of any single foreign country. The more widely the same principle is recognized by the representatives of other nations, the brighter will be the prospects of the conference.

OMISSION OF THE SOVIET UNION from the list of nations invited to the conference can probably be explained on rational grounds. But this does not make its political implications less important. It has been said on President Roosevelt's behalf that he did not want "to inject any controversial note into his political program at home by taking a step that could be construed as recognition of the Soviet Union." This suggests the unhappy possibility that Mr. Roosevelt stands in awe of the professional patriots and organized labor, precisely as did his predecessor, for the only opposition to Russian recognition that could in any way interfere with "his political program at home" comes from those two groups. He may also have in mind England's sensitive mood; but whatever the source of his hesitation, it is clear that the President is not prepared to dispose of the question promptly. As a result, recognition, if and when it comes, will almost certainly be robbed of its chief value. And in the meantime the representatives of a group of Powers will sit down and attempt to discuss the economic problems of the world as though the existence of a country with 160,000,000 people, occupying one-sixth of the earth's surface, had no bearing whatever on those problems. It appears that Moscow has abandoned hope of obtaining recognition from the new Administration and is turning its attention in other directions. When—say, in a year or six months from now—the President does get around to the question of recognition, he may find the Soviet Union much less interested.

GERMAN NEWS continues to pour in as fast as the cables can carry it; and as the evidence accumulates, the indictments against Hitler multiply. The reports are not in conflict. They are remarkably consistent and serve to support almost unanimously the charges so indignantly repudiated by the Nazi leaders as slanders and unfounded rumors. Hitler himself announced with no apparent dismay that the casualties resulting from the "national awakening" included 330 persons slain, 40,000 wounded, and 100,000 driven from commercial life. One may assume that his figures are conservative. The complete story to date is gradually being pieced together; on another page of this issue Ludwig Lore summarizes and interprets a part of the record. Both the New York *Evening Post* and the *Manchester Guardian* have recently published series of articles containing first-hand accounts of Nazi methods and aims which should be read by everyone who wishes to understand the complex insanity afflicting Germany. As the result of the

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revelations in the *Guardian* that newspaper has been barred from Germany. Apparently no action against the *Post* or its courageous correspondent has so far been taken. For the lesser offense of writing his recent book, "Germany Puts the Clock Back," Edgar Mowrer of the Chicago *Evening News* was asked by the Hitler government to resign as president of the Association of Foreign Correspondents. His proffered resignation was refused by an overwhelming vote of the members; and as the result of this rebellious behavior the government announced that it would have no further dealings with the association. It can hardly be expected that the Nazis will long refrain from imposing an out-and-out censorship.

BUT EVEN if the correspondents wrote only what they were told to, the dispatches would reveal enough. During the last few days the following items among many others appeared in the regular cable stories, undoubtedly with the knowledge of the authorities: Christ was declared a Hitlerite by the Nazi pastor, Dr. Wieneke, who assured a huge church assembly that Jesus would, if he were alive, help in the struggle against Marxism and internationalism. (Presumably he would also be an anti-Semite.) It was announced that the evangelical churches would be reorganized "from above" and put under the authority of the government. Alfred Rosenberg, head of the foreign division of the National Socialist Party, demanded that the Old Testament and Jehovah be abolished and the ancient myths and pagan gods of the Teutonic race be substituted. (Meanwhile Von Papen dashed off to Rome to win the support and approval of the Pope for the Nazi regime.) The executive board of the German Federation of Industries resigned so that a reorganization could be effected to "meet the views" of the government; this was reported as a first step in the direction of "Nazi control of the vital industries." The authorities have prohibited the kosher slaughtering of meat; they have ordered that Christians married to Jewish women shall divorce their wives if they are in the state's service and wish to keep their jobs; they have begun to confiscate the bank accounts of individual Jews; they have forbidden anyone to leave Germany without permission of the police. These are merely fragments lifted out of the body of a few dispatches. There are almost none that indicate any return of sanity or decency. The nearest approach to reason is revealed in the recent decision to permit 900 out of about 2,000 Jewish lawyers in Berlin to continue to practice. The government had previously announced that the number allowed would be in proportion to the number of Jews in the population—reducing the total to about thirty-five. This later modification means that only 1,100 instead of 1,965 families will be deprived of a chance to make a living.

THE FARM-MORTGAGE BILL is in more than one respect an unsatisfactory measure. Its most important provision authorizes the Federal Land Banks to issue during the next two years not more than $2,000,000,000 in 4 per cent bonds, on which interest, but not principal, would be guaranteed by the government. The land banks are authorized to purchase first mortgages on farms with the proceeds from the sale of these bonds or to exchange the bonds for mortgages directly. The price to be paid would be one "not exceeding the unpaid principal, or 50 per cent of the normal value of the land mortgaged plus 20 per cent of the improvements, whichever is smaller." The land banks would then refinance the farmer's debt for the amount paid for his mortgage, charging him interest at not more than 4½ per cent. Obviously, the farmer whose mortgage was purchased would gain through the reduction in his interest burden, but apart from that the measure seems largely one for the relief of the mortgage holders rather than of debtors. Much depends, of course, upon the way in which the act is administered. Most mortgagees, for example, will consider that the "normal" value of the land is its 1929 value, and if the land banks pay generous prices for the mortgages, the farmers will get very little relief in their obligations on principal.

THE INDEBTEDNESS now outstanding on farm mortgages, moreover, has a face value of about $8,500,000,000. If $2,000,000,000 of these mortgages are taken over at slightly reduced principal amounts, the holders of the remaining $5,000,000,000 or $6,000,000,000 will see no reason why their mortgages should be discriminated against, and very great pressure will be put on the government to expand the amount of relief. Under the present bill, it is also highly probable that most of the mortgages taken over will be worth less than the price paid for them by the land banks. If the mortgagee is offered less than he thinks his mortgage is worth, he will not sell, unless his personal need for immediate cash is urgent. The land banks, again, are unlikely to bargain as shrewdly in buying mortgages as private persons would who were concerned with their own self-interest. Even if no special favoritism is maintained, therefore, land banks are likely on the whole to pay too much for the mortgages and to take some heavy losses. The same criticism, of course, applies to the home-mortgage bill, which provides a similar $2,000,000,000 bond issue to take over the mortgages of homes with valuations of not more than $20,000. One good feature of the home-loan mortgage bill is the proposed moratorium of three years, during which time the homeowner will be required to meet his interest payments, but not to reduce the principal of his mortgage. This provision ought to be supplemented by one reducing the rate at which the principal could be amortized by mortgage holders after the complete moratorium on principal payments had ended.

WHO WERE THE AUTHORS of the infamous censorship bill that was rushed so hastily and without debate through the House of Representatives? What was their motive in preparing this measure precisely in the form in which it was presented? And why did they enforce the strictest secrecy upon the members of the Foreign Affairs Committee who introduced it? It is not enough to explain that the legislation, now undergoing drastic revision in the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, was intended solely to prevent publication of State Department secrets. Secretary of State Hull unquestionably spoke the truth when he said that he wished only to protect certain documents and prevent the publication of information concerning the department's secret codes. But this does not explain why the bill as drawn was so sweeping and so menacing in its scope. Its provisions could have been used to silence every active and potential critic of the government. That officials of the government prepared the original measure is evident. That these officials were sufficiently important to carry great weight with

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the Foreign Affairs Committee is also clear. And a careful examination of the House bill reveals beyond doubt that what its authors really intended was to establish a censorship system the like of which this country has never known in peace or war. Who were these officials? The country, and especially the press, has a right to know. For so long as there are influential persons in the government harboring such designs the imminent peril of censorship remains.

OUR FRENCH FRIENDS have a strong if not especially discriminating sense of the value of propaganda. A few weeks ago the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique announced in somewhat too timely fashion that it was now prepared to serve kosher meals on all its liners, and just the other day an official broadcast explained to the French public how their government plans to use the money just voted by the Chamber for propaganda in the United States. Very particular stress was laid upon the fact that important feminine opinion is to be influenced by the dispatch of handsome young envoys. The speaker poured scorn upon those who have misrepresented their gallant country in America in the past, and in language rather remarkable from an official source described them as "unhealthy-looking, decrepit, tired, feverish, worn-out, coughing and trembling old men bound into frock coats who have to be put to bed upon their arrival, with hot-water bottles at their feet, and awakened just in time for their conferences." Without exactly saying so, the implication is that men who go to bed at the right time instead of the wrong one are needed, and while we have nothing to say against a method which worked wonders in King Charles's day when Louise de Querouaille proved to be exactly the right sort of ambassador, we do feel that tact is almost as important as sex appeal. In the same broadcast the speaker remarked: "The American people go to no trouble to inform themselves. We must place before their eyes some simple truths. . . . The American people are ignorant of their own history. They must not be expected to know anything of French history." We wager that he would be surprised to hear that such indirect expressions of opinion do more to inform the American public about the French attitude than, say, two thousands dollars' worth of handsome envoy.

EARL DERR BIGGERS, dead at forty-eight, wrote detective fiction that was also good literature. No boy's taste was corrupted by reading the entrancing mystery stories that began with "Seven Keys to Baldpate" and ended with "Keeper of the Keys." And boys from nine to ninety read them with equal zest. But there was a less obvious accomplishment to Biggers's credit. Perhaps unconsciously, he served the cause of international understanding—no slight service in these days. In Charlie Chan, the Chinese detective-sergeant from Honolulu, the hero of his last half-dozen novels, Biggers created a delightful character, who for millions of readers came to symbolize the sagacity, kindliness, and charm of the Chinese people. No Biggers "fan" today considers that "the Heathen Chinee is peculiar." Chan's epigrams redistilled the wisdom of the ages in a new and captivating fashion. As the exponent of the philosophy and wit of a race, Charlie Chan takes his place with Hashimura Togo and Mr. Dooley in the gallery of literary notables whose pungency lingers "on the lips of living men."

The Electric Consumer

THE public is becoming aware of the power problem. The collapse of the Insull empire dramatized it. Mr. Roosevelt called it to the attention of millions. In his Portland, Oregon, address of last September he declared —and now as President he repeats in "Looking Forward"*— that private utility corporations have in recent years engaged in "a systematic campaign of misinformation, of propaganda . . . of lies and falsehood." Less dramatic but far more valuable than any other educative factor has been the five-year investigation by the Federal Trade Commission resulting in forty-five closely printed volumes of testimony and documents on the power industry. Meanwhile, such organizations as the National League of Women Voters, with its impartial presentations of the various aspects of the power question, the National Popular Government League, and the Public Ownership League of America have contributed to a growing public awareness of the great economic and social importance of electric current.

Yet rates remain excessive. The thin pretext of high distribution costs and the allegation of greater expense in serving the small consumer are used to justify a tenfold increase in price over the cost of manufacturing current. Similar excuses are advanced for the quadrupled rate which the householder pays as compared with the industrialist. Meanwhile consumption, inhibited by excess rates, remains at a low level.

The restricted use of electric power due to its high cost has been in large measure responsible for the supineness of the consumers. When current is used chiefly for light, why protest against a bill of eight dollars a month—even if the amount should have been four dollars, or two? What the public has not reckoned is the potential financial saving in the sum-total of the home's fuel and energy services. Let the home-owner add the combined costs of coal or oil for heating his home, coal or gas for cooking and heating water, ice, and on top of that, his electric-lighting bill—and these items will run into hundreds of dollars annually. Even the heating of homes by electricity would become practical and desirable if rates were as low as they ought to be.

Rates remain excessive because effective reform has not followed exposure. Despite a slightly altered atmosphere, the power interests still block effective legislation. But what *can* one do about it? How often has not that question been asked by millions of individual citizens who feel their helplessness in the face of organized, intrenched forces. That question, in so far as power is concerned, *The Nation* purposes to answer. Where government, even well-intentioned government, lags, there are ways in which the people themselves can obtain relief by direct action. In coming weeks *The Nation* will publish a number of articles by different writers on the power question. These articles will inform our readers of the abuses that persist. They will point out what has been done here and there by pioneering individuals and wide-awake communities to secure substantial reduction in electric rates. Finally, they will develop what in our view should be the nation's permanent power policy.

* "Looking Forward." By Franklin D. Roosevelt. The John Day Company. $2.50.

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The Thirty-Hour Week

THERE is at present every reason to suppose that the Black bill, instituting a thirty-hour week, which has passed the Senate by a vote of 53 to 30, will be enacted into law. President Roosevelt spoke for the five-day week in his election campaign, and Frances Perkins supported the thirty-hour week last December. But the measure, however well-intentioned, seems likely to result in the gravest consequences for labor.

Undoubtedly the theory chiefly responsible for this legislation is that it will create more jobs. Last October, for example, the *Federationist,* the official organ of the American Federation of Labor, estimated that the average hours being worked per employee in industry were forty-two a week, taking account of part time; the number actually at work was placed at 16,700,000, leaving 8,300,000 unemployed. The *Federationist* argued that with the same number of man-hours a thirty-hour week would enable 23,000,000 to be employed. But even if this reasoning were sound, and the employment statistics were still as the *Federationist* found them last October, it would require a twenty-eight-hour week to give full employment. As Scott Nearing has pointed out in *Common Sense*, if we follow this principle we must fix working hours not in accordance with the desirable number of working hours in the week but by the depth of the depression. The greater the unemployment, the more we cut legal hours. The *Federationist's* reasoning is clearly unsound, and even its figures are no longer valid. A study just completed by the National Industrial Conference Board shows that the average weekly hours of work for the rank and file of all workers as of February 1 was 32.6, and for employees in manufacturing 29.6. If these recent figures are correct, then on the *Federationist's* reasoning the legal thirty-hour day would give practically no new employment at all. But such average figures, of course, cover wide variations among industries. Where on the one hand we have the iron and steel mills with an average working week of only 16.9 hours, we have many textile factories working forty hours or more, a few mills even working as high as fifty-six hours a week in a single shift. It is only in these mills that the thirty-hour law can at present force any addition to the number of men employed. But many factories now working forty hours may decide that it is more economical to cut to thirty hours than to use two shifts of thirty hours or even two shifts of twenty hours. The immediate net effect of the bill, other things being equal, must be to reduce the total wage payments to labor.

The Black bill, in effect, is a rigid legalization of the share-the-work movement. Nothing is said in it about wage levels. In the overwhelming majority of cases, therefore, its effect will be to cut hours and to leave hourly wage rates unchanged—in other words, to cut the individual's weekly pay by the same amount as his hours are reduced. To take the example cited by Scott Nearing, the sawmill worker who has been getting $28 for a fifty-five-hour week will get $15 for a thirty-hour week. His family standard, built up on a $28 basis, will be cut down by almost 50 per cent.

We can put the matter another way. According to the Bureau of Labor Statistics, factories are now paying out a total of only 36 cents in wages for every dollar they paid out in 1926. If this amount were spread out evenly, it would mean that each worker would be receiving little more than a third of his 1926 income. Those workers now getting, say, 25 per cent less than they were in 1926 would get 64 per cent less. In brief, the workers whose hours were reduced would bear the full burden of providing employment.

The present nominal full-time working week averages forty-eight hours. If workers reduced from such a week to thirty hours were to receive the same weekly pay, it would be necessary for them to have an increase in hourly wage rates of 60 per cent. No realistic mind can possibly expect such an increase to be put through at this time. It would not merely be psychologically and politically impossible, but economically so. A compilation of the returns of 1,800 industrial, public-utility, and railroad companies in 1932 shows that the majority, numbering 61 per cent of the total, had deficits aggregating $787,000,000, which offset the net profits, aggregating $682,000,000, reported by 39 per cent of the companies, leaving a deficit balance for all of them of $105,000,000. If we take the 165 Class I railroads, we have a combined net deficit of approximately $153,000,000 for last year. These are the figures before deduction of any common or preferred dividends but after interest deductions. But even if we assume a total cancelation of interest payments, it is obvious that the funds do not exist for any substantial increase in wage rates under present conditions. The real concern must be over what is going to happen when the accumulated cash reserves on which so many companies are now living are exhausted.

One of the assumptions in the minds of many advocates of the Black bill is obviously that a forty-eight-hour week has meant overproduction, and that a thirty-hour week would cure this. It cannot be too often repeated that there has been no general overproduction of this sort. What we are suffering from is not too many goods, but lack of purchasing power for those goods. But it is one industry's production that ultimately constitutes its purchasing power for the products of other industries. If production is cut down all around the circle through shorter hours, purchasing power is cut down all around the circle to exactly the same extent.

In addition to the dubious underlying principles involved, the Black bill also raises grave practical problems. It aims to shut out of interstate commerce industrial commodities produced by establishments in which persons are employed for more than five days a week or six hours a day. It exempts agriculture, milk and its products, newspapers and periodicals, executives and superintendents and their personal and immediate clerical assistants; but it may still raise serious problems in sudden adjustments. It is obvious that in scores of industries it will force a mere shortening in hours that will reduce total business and total wages, or lead merely to a speeding up of the individual worker, without resulting in the employment of more persons. To the extent that it does put men to work, it seems likely to do so mainly at the expense of the workers now employed.

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Wanted: A New Deal for Cuba

THE relationship of the United States and Cuba is unique. It involves definite responsibilities which we may no longer shirk. We intervened in Cuba in 1898. Having set its people free, we compelled them against their will to accept the Platt Amendment. We compensated for this by extending substantial aid in the establishment of the new government and by granting tariff reciprocity, which, while benefiting the Cubans somewhat, was decidedly advantageous to American sugar producers. The enduring and pertinent provisions of the Platt Amendment, in Articles II and III, forbid the Cuban government to contract a public debt which its ordinary revenues cannot meet, and provide that "the United States may exercise the right to intervene for the preservation of Cuban independence, the maintenance of a government adequate for the protection of life, property, and individual liberty. . . ."

During the period of Cuban protest against the Platt Amendment the United States took pains to assert that its provisions were not to be considered as "synonymous with intermeddling or interference in the affairs of the Cuban government." It was to be used only "in extreme cases," and intervention would take place "only if Cuba were left in a state of anarchy." That policy was faithfully adhered to in the first decade of Cuban independence, and constituted a unique effort on the part of a great Power to establish a stable neighbor state. When the United States withdrew in 1902, it left functioning the machinery of republican self-government; church and state had been separated, the educational system revamped, the judiciary reorganized, habeas corpus introduced. Yellow fever had been suppressed at the cost of the lives of American scientists, and a system of sanitation established under the direction of William C. Gorgas.

The second intervention, in 1905, resulted from a breakdown of Cuban government. President Estrada Palma had caused himself to be reelected by methods familiarized in this country by Tammany in New York and by the Vare machine in Philadelphia. The Liberals, defrauded of victory, launched a revolution. The Moderate government found itself unable to quell the revolt and asked the United States to intervene. President Roosevelt, while sending warships to protect life and property, refused to order occupation. Intervention took place only after Estrada Palma had resigned —the Cuban Congress controlled by Moderates had refused to elect a successor, and the country had been left without a government, with destruction of property widespread and anarchy imminent. The American occupation lasted some four years, during which time an effort was again made to instal democratic machinery that would be fraud-proof. Although there has been justifiable criticism of the Magoon administration for furthering certain American concessions, the United States again kept its pledge. It withdrew.

Under Taft—and Knox's "dollar diplomacy"—however, the infiltration of American business was accelerated. The World War speeded the process. And when the sugar industry, vastly overexpanded under American control to meet war needs, collapsed carrying with it the whole Cuban economic structure, American banks emerged with a major share of the salvage. During the boom decade which followed they expanded in Cuba as at home, until that country, even more than our own, has become a fief of American finance.

The present Cuban depression antedated and paralleled ours. But while the American people could in 1932 repudiate the Administration that had failed them, the Cubans found themselves held fast by an increasingly ruthless dictatorship. The Hoover-Stimson hands-off policy would seem to be the logical resumption of our original policy, suspended during and after the World War when General Crowder, without legal sanction, really governed Cuba. But the present policy of official non-interference, while decent in motive, has been responsible for unprecedented horrors, and is the complete negation of the "self-government" it aimed to achieve. Actually, Machado has been maintained in office against the obvious will of the Cuban people by the financial support of our great corporations. More heavily loaded with per capita debt charges than any other Latin American country, Cuba, unlike her sister states, has been unable to revolt or default. Machado would doubtless have fallen in 1930 but for the $50,000,000 lent him by the Chase bank. His resulting well-paid army has made a successful popular uprising impossible.

The complete suppression of civil liberties, with the murder of those who protest, certainly does not provide "a government adequate for the protection of life and property and individual liberty." Should the United States continue to tolerate this shambles at its door? *The Nation* has steadfastly opposed intervention in Cuba or in any of our weaker neighbor states. But formal intervention would not be necessary to get rid of Machado. He would go the moment an American ambassador, so instructed, said the word. That, of course, would be intervention of a kind. But it would be far slighter intervention than that which has been indirectly and continuously carried on under the Platt Amendment. American finance has held the Platt Amendment to be the implicit protector of our dollars and has warped Cuba's development accordingly. Politically Cuba may, in theory, be independent. Economically she is a vassal, and her economic bondage and political control are today inextricably linked. Machado is not the representative of a free Cuban people, but the *administrador* of American financial feudalism. Indeed, it is an ironic anomaly that the very powers whose practices have been discredited in this country and which face imminent drastic restraint should work their will without hindrance on a prostrate Cuban people. The National City Bank is the major force behind the Cuban sugar interests. Electric Bond and Share controls Cuba's power, charging rates which even our high-riding utilities would not dream of levying at home.

But would Machado's withdrawal, followed by a democratic election to prevent him from merely transferring his power to a satellite, solve Cuba's problems? Hardly, for Cuba's plight is fundamentally economic—mere political reform will no longer suffice. The difficulty is that a solution in the interest of the Cubans would conflict with the interests of Cuba's real owners—the business and financial powers which likewise have dominated American life. Would

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they permit—would the Roosevelt Administration, from which their influence is by no means absent, permit—a policy designed to restore Cuba's economic life?

That is the Cuban problem—and ours. A Cuban policy for the Cubans, the natural policy for any people to adopt for itself, would doubtless mean the liquidation in large measure of absentee ownership and overlordship. It would, through increased taxation of great foreign holdings and social legislation, tend toward redistribution of land and wealth—among Cubans. To assent to such a Cuban program would be the wise and decent policy for the United States. It may be naive to expect it, given the nature of our capitalist society and its imperialistic ramifications. But realization has dawned in official circles that the interests of the American people are by no means synonymous with those of Wall Street. Conceivably, the interests of the American people and those of the Cuban people, even though not identical, might not be far apart, and might be reconcilable, where they conflict, by compromise. The solicitude of foreign offices and of our State Department is today for markets rather than concessions. The stake is larger and less productive of friction. Capture of overseas markets requires two factors—good-will and adequate purchasing power among the natives. A Cuban policy worked out in the interest of Cuba would probably produce this mutually desirable result.

Can the State Department be trusted to carry out such a policy? Not unless it reverses past policy and practices. Not if the influences that have dominated it for a generation still are able to control the under and assistant secretaries. But possibly the Administration may come to understand that the best hope for the revival of our foreign trade, for which Secretary Hull is obviously eager, lies in Latin America. Our prospects in Europe and the Far East are none too promising. Improvement of Latin American trade depends in large degree on our treatment of our Caribbean and Central American neighbors, quite apart from the fact that our recent policy has ruined Cuba as a market.

Meanwhile, whether Machado stays or goes, the Cuban collapse is imminent, and with the resulting chaos the pressure for one more intervention will be great. Such intervention, which should be wholly non-military, would be justifiable only if it were inaugurated with the consent of the Cuban people for the declared purpose of trying once more to assist them to recreate their political and economic structure. It should be coupled with the pledge that once this was achieved we would cancel the Platt Amendment and leave Cuba free to work out her own destiny. Whatever may have been its original justification, the amendment has ceased to benefit Cuba. Nor has it benefited the American people. It has greatly served our money changers, who, though perhaps not as secure as they once were in their Wall Street temples, have preserved a cozy sanctuary in the Antilles.

It is very doubtful whether the facts that are really essential for working out so different a policy can be obtained without a Congressional investigation. It has been difficult enough to learn the truth about our high finance right here in the United States. The whole complex interweaving of financial buccaneering, special concessions, economic favoritism, and corruption of the Machado–big business combination needs to be fully exposed. The Senate Foreign Relations Committee might properly be intrusted with this important preliminary to a solution of the Cuban problem.

Alabama Justice

WHEN the Scottsboro case was appealed to the United States Supreme Court in November, three points were raised: (1) there was not a fair, impartial, and deliberate trial; (2) the boys were denied the right of counsel; and (3) qualified Negroes were systematically excluded from the jury. The court chose to put aside as "without merit" the first and third points, although, as Morris L. Ernst pointed out in our issue of December 7, they were socially much more significant than the second. A new trial was ordered on the ground that the defendants were denied the right of adequate counsel. In the trial which has just ended at Decatur, Alabama, Haywood Patterson had the right of counsel. The defense of Samuel Leibowitz was a brilliant example of legal art. He succeeded in dramatizing the utter helplessness of nine Negro boys, innocent or guilty, once they were caught in the destroying passion of race hatred.

Judge James E. Horton was scrupulous in his conduct of the case, and his charge to the jury indicated his own awareness of the violent forces at work in his court. The most casual reading of newspaper accounts of the testimony—and the press is to be highly commended for its covering of the Decatur trial—indicates reasonable doubt of the guilt of Haywood Patterson. The girls involved were common prostitutes. Their testimony was flatly contradictory and one of them repudiated her previous testimony. Yet the jury not only brought in a verdict of guilty, but imposed the savage sentence of death, although Alabama law provides an alternative sentence for rape of ten years to life imprisonment.

In so doing the jury expressed the will of a community which hates and fears the Negro because it has wronged him so deeply through so many generations. Mr. Leibowitz obviously foresaw this all-too-probable conclusion. By his insistence on bringing out convincing evidence that Negroes have been systematically excluded from jury service in Alabama, he established that issue so firmly that the Supreme Court will find it difficult to dismiss it as "without merit" when the case again goes to Washington—as it will unless the Alabama Supreme Court should reverse the Decatur decision. Furthermore, in the course of his defense Mr. Leibowitz was careful to hold up to the public view the race prejudice of more than one variety that showed itself on every hand. Aside from the continuous threats of mob action, two remarks by the prosecution in the course of the trial should be sufficient for any person of sound mind outside of Alabama. "Show them that Alabama justice cannot be bought and sold with Jew money from New York," shouted Solicitor Wade Wright. "I don't care what her [Victoria Price's] previous convictions or actions may have been," said Attorney-General Knight, "but she never lived with niggers." Surely no human being, though he might be guilty of the worst crime, should be forced to submit his right to live to the passions that were flaunted inside and outside the courtroom at Decatur.

The Scottsboro boys still have a chance for liberty, but it may be a matter of years—and years pass slowly in the cells that the South reserves for its Negro "citizens." Meanwhile, we urge our readers to contribute as generously as they can to the Scottsboro defense fund.

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Issues and Men

The President and a Big Navy

AS I write there are strong indications that President Roosevelt will yield to the demand for building the navy up by some thirty new ships. It is reported that the appropriation for them will be hidden in the proposed public-works bill and thus slip through without opposition, whereas if there were a separate bill there would be every opportunity for blocking it, or at least for numerous protests. The public-works bill will, it is expected, be jammed through by the force of the same vote-but-don't-read-it-or-argue psychology which has resulted in driving through Congress the legislation thus far asked by the President—I had almost said passed by the President, for that is what it comes down to.

It will be a misfortune, indeed, for the country as a whole if another $230,000,000 should be wasted in this way. It is true that these thirty ships are not to include any battleships or battle cruisers, but the fact remains that in our hour of greatest distress we shall be lavishing money upon a purely unproductive undertaking. It would be far wiser, if it is necessary to support the men who would work on these warships, to give them a handsome dole and let it go at that. But this is not what is desired by the munitions manufacturers and shipbuilders—I do not for a moment believe that Congressman Vinson was correct when he stated that 85 per cent of the money expended would go for wages. Once you build one of these ships it becomes a permanent liability until it is scrapped. It means increased annual appropriations for its upkeep, its personnel, and its movements. It means, unless the ship is to be kept "in ordinary," that a considerable crew will have to be kept on board to maintain her. The more ships, the greater will be the demand upon Congress for more sailors. The more ships built, the greater the demand by the shipbuilders for still more vessels to keep the yards busy, until it seems that the private shipbuilding yards do not exist to build for the navy as needed, but that the navy exists for the pleasure of the shipbuilders. Only last week the leading aviation generals, including the outspoken former General William Mitchell, testified again that no ships except submarines and scouting vessels were of any value; that the new bombing planes would do away with large vessels—at least that was General Mitchell's contention. But that does not stop the navy propaganda of the Hearsts, Brittens, and Vinsons.

As for the President, he has been deeply interested in the navy ever since boyhood, and he pretty well soaked up the big-navy propaganda when Assistant Secretary of the Navy. His collection of prints of naval battles was for a long time considered one of the finest in the United States. He saw nothing wrong in the overseas aggressions of the Wilson Administration of which he was part. I refer especially to Haiti, Mexico, Santo Domingo, and Nicaragua. Hence the big-navy people feel that he is definitely on their side. I wish he might take warning from what happened to Ramsay MacDonald when he yielded to the big-navy propagandists in his first government and built three cruisers, on the ground that he could not allow the shipbuilding industry to die out. That not only stamped Mr. MacDonald as inconsistent so far as his pacifist views were concerned, but it immediately laid him open to tremendous pressure. If three ships, why not five? Why not ten? Three ships would not go very far toward keeping the shipping industry alive, and did he not realize that this or that category of ships was seriously underbuilt? Your big-navy maniac is never satisfied.

The wasting of this $230,000,000 now would offset many of Mr. Roosevelt's savings in other directions. It might possibly be excusable if we were actually in danger of war—that is, if any sane human being still believes that anything is to be gained by war, and that you can be sure of victory under any circumstances. Well, the navy is keeping up the talk and many newspapers are helping the propaganda along: that we are in grave danger of war with Japan; that Japan has beaten us in capital ships; that Japan is voiding the London pact by building a Manchukuoan navy which will really be a reinforcement of its own, and so on and on. To this we reply that we are a long way from a war with Japan; that the next war means suicide for our entire capitalist civilization—what is left of it; and that this President Roosevelt knows, or ought to know, as well as the rest of us. And of course these thirty new ships will not insure our victory if we are attacked. President Coolidge put it just right to the American Legion on one occasion when he said that no country ever had an army or navy large enough to keep it out of war, or to insure victory to itself after it had got into war. But most important of all, armaments do not make for peace; they only increase tension and make for war. And how can we set ourselves up as critics of Hitler as he proceeds to arm Germany up to the pre-war standard if we go on piling up our own armaments? Certainly, if we engage in a naval race with England, or with England and Japan, there will be only one outcome—another terrible conflict.

No, Mr. President, don't mar your highly intelligent record by pouring $230,000,000 down a rat-hole. The resources of the country are not unlimited. We can pour out billions and half-billions and quarter-billions for some time, but in due course there will be an end to it. We are hearing a lot about the necessity of restricting public-works appropriations to self-liquidating projects, and there is a good deal to be said for it. Warships are neither self-liquidating nor productive of more wealth or employment, nor are they constructive uses of capital. In from ten to twenty years there will be nothing to show for them. A single new invention may make them out of date almost as soon as they are launched. Finally, when we are preaching disarmament to the rest of the world, let us set the example ourselves, and let us again, as through the first hundred years of our history, be unarmed and unafraid.

Oswald Garrison Villard

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The Forgotten Man Gets a New Deal

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The Ohio Gang Protects the Bankers

By MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

Washington, April 10

WE have not yet seen the last of the notorious Ohio Gang. The curious belief that it took to cover with the exposure of the Harding Administration scandals several years ago is decidedly erroneous. For the policies and activities of the Department of Justice are still largely influenced, if not wholly dominated, by men who originally belonged to the Daugherty ring or were subsequently trained in that school. Most of the gang stayed on through the Coolidge and Hoover Administrations, though Harry M. Daugherty himself was compelled to retire in confusion and disgrace. Many are to be found even today in key positions in the department.

It is obvious that if the crooked bankers and security merchants, as well as Donald Richberg's "gold-plated anarchists," are to be dealt with in adequate fashion, it must be done through the Department of Justice. But does any sane person expect the still far-from-defunct Ohio Gang to take the necessary action? To date, the Department of Justice has not lifted a finger in this connection, except in a very few cases where it was driven into action by the pressure of an aroused public opinion.

We need not here go into the several investigations, such as that involving the Mellon-owned aluminum trust, which have either been smothered outright by the department or allowed to drag aimlessly on. It is necessary to mention only a few of the more recent major scandals—Kreuger, Lee Higginson, National City, Insull, the Dawes bank, the Illinois Life Insurance Company—and to ask precisely what the department has done in these and similar cases. Then there is the mass of testimony assembled, together with the pertinent documentary evidence, by the Senate Banking and Currency Committee. Witness after witness has given incriminating testimony against himself. Competent lawyers, including some who stand fairly close to the Roosevelt Administration, are convinced that the testimony thus given is alone sufficient to convict more than half the witnesses who have appeared before the committee. The Department of Justice, these lawyers say, needs no other evidence. Finally, there is an untold number of local banking scandals yet to be exposed, which involve not only money losses running into the hundreds of millions but open violations of the banking, postal, and other federal laws. The facts in most of these cases can easily be obtained. There is, for instance, an especially outrageous case in Illinois—the facts are or should be in the department's files, for one of its honest investigators worked on the case, but got nowhere because he was balked by his superiors and by the Republican bosses of Illinois.

What so far has been done? The principals in the Bank of United States scandal have been sent to prison. But here the crimes committed were so flagrant and so widely published that the Department of Justice could not possibly avoid taking action. Charles E. Mitchell, Joseph W. Harriman, and a few other bankers have been indicted, but whether the prosecution can convict Mitchell is another question. If he can be convicted, some thousands of other wealthy men are equally liable. Many persons, including more than one important contributor to the Democratic Party's campaign fund, have resorted to the same device for evading the income tax. But whatever the outcome of the Mitchell case, it remains true that no action was taken until it was pointedly requested by the man who was soon to become President. In the Harriman case the facts, which had been concealed for many months, were beginning to leak out, and they were too hot to be suppressed any longer. After several weeks of silence the Department of Justice finally awoke to the existence of another major scandal in Detroit and promptly sent an assistant attorney-general there to investigate. For this we have to thank Father Coughlin. He told the story over the radio and his army of listeners flooded Detroit, Lansing, and Washington with demands for action. In one or two other cases, for example, in the Illinois Life scandal in Chicago, the Department of Justice has graciously assisted the local authorities in their own inquiries. But that is about all.

The question naturally arises why the Senate Banking and Currency Committee has not called upon the Department of Justice to prosecute the self-impeached witnesses who have appeared before it. It has been explained by one of the members of the committee that it is that body's function not to seek convictions but to frame remedial legislation. An exceedingly thin excuse. Senate investigating committees in the past have not hesitated to demand prosecution, or even to take positive action on their own account. But the attitude of this particular committee may be better understood if it is examined in the light of a few known facts. For example, the committee has deliberately suppressed sensational evidence even when it was supported by documentary material. One witness, loaded with documents, was denied a public hearing, but was heard instead in executive session. His testimony has not been printed and apparently will not be printed. It is in the form of a stenographic transcript, but even this has not been made available to the public. Nor, so far as can be determined, has it been turned over to the Department of Justice for criminal action, or to the Treasury for other appropriate action.

The late Senator Thomas J. Walsh, who was to have become Attorney-General, told a number of his friends just before his death of his plans to clean out the Department of Justice from top to bottom. He would not hesitate a day, he said, but would start the moment he stepped into office. As Senate prosecutor in the oil and other scandals of the Harding era, he was thoroughly acquainted with the tactics of the Ohio Gang. He intended to dig into all of the major scandals involving violations of the federal laws. He had the bank scandals particularly in mind, and there are persons closely identified with the Roosevelt Administration who are convinced that the announcement of his appointment so frightened the bankers that it contributed in no small measure to the panic that swept the country five or six weeks ago. Homer Cummings has been in office more than a month, and during this time he has not removed a single subordinate official branded with the mark of the Ohio Gang. They are

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still sitting tight and obviously mean to hang on as long as they possibly can. It can be confidently stated, moreover, that at this moment Attorney-General Cummings, far from having any concrete plan worked out, has no apparent intention of proceeding against the thieves in high places who have ruled us these many years.

One hesitates to include the Roosevelt Administration as such in this censure of the Department of Justice. It is only too true that the Administration has been swamped with emergency problems and has not had much time to devote to departmental personnel or policies. It is also true that the President wants to hold up all but the most necessary political appointments until his emergency program has been put through Congress. But the suspicion is growing in Washington, even among members of the President's party in Congress, that the Administration will not do a thorough job either in cleaning out the Department of Justice or in taking action against the crooked bankers and industrialists. A leading Administration Senator told me he was very much afraid that "while we may finally get rid of the Ohio Gang, there is danger that we shall get a lot of Democratic political hacks in their place." Other persons have expressed the same fear that the Department of Justice, which has proportionately more appointive offices at its disposal than any other branch of the government, will be used as a dumping ground for party workers who must be rewarded. There is also a very widespread belief that the Administration will take no action, and indeed will prevent the Senate Banking and Currency Committee from taking action, against any banker identified with the Rockefeller or Chase National groups in New York City. This belief is based on more than the cynical observations of the newspaper correspondents, who frankly say that "nothing is going to happen to the Chase crowd; they're playing ball with the Administration." There is evidence that a special god is watching over the Rockefeller-Chase interests. Counsel for the committee were prepared to look into these interests when the hearings were resumed, only to have the White House announce that the plans had been changed and that the committee would next look into the affairs of Morgan and Company, Kuhn, Loeb, and other private banking houses. To quote a Democratic member of the Senate committee: "These reports about the Chase National may be based only on suspicion, but if they continue much longer and nothing is done about Chase, I for one will believe that there is something to them."

In fairness we must give the new Administration time to work out this problem. But the matter will not bear much longer delay. Dozens of banking scandals are ready to burst all over the lot. The Administration should by all means clean them up thoroughly and quickly. To allow them to drag on, breaking one after the other over a period of months or years, will result in bringing down most of the blame, and with reason, on the present regime. What is more, all the remedial and constructive legislation in the world, however perfectly devised, will not prevent a recurrence of these scandals so long as the same pack of criminals remains in control of the financial machinery of the country. They were smart enough to hire legal talent to help them get around the anti-trust laws. They will be no less shrewd in getting around the new Roosevelt laws—particularly if the Ohio Gang, or its Democratic equivalent, is intrenched in the Department of Justice.

The R.F.C. Subsidizes Fred F. French

By HENRY J. ROSNER

THE Reconstruction Finance Corporation has made its first loan to "a limited-dividend housing corporation for purposes of slum clearance and rehousing low-income groups." The plan deserves careful analysis because it is a perfect illustration of how the housing problem cannot be solved. The development will be located on the site of what is now one of the worst slum blocks on New York City's famous East Side. It has long been known as the "lung block" because of the high incidence of tuberculosis among its inhabitants.

In its publicity announcing the project the R. F. C. made much of the fact that the historic "lung block" was to be demolished. But it neglected to point out that it would not mean substantially better homes for the people now living in the block. The rentals in the proposed new apartments, $12.50 a room a month, are much too high for the pocketbooks of the present dwellers, who pay an average rent of $5 a room a month.

The displaced tenants will merely move into old-law tenements on the next block which will be a little less dreary, dilapidated, and unhealthy, thereby reducing the vacancies in these dwellings and increasing the income of their owners. Two blocks of slums will be destroyed but several others will be perpetuated. Meanwhile, a more prosperous class of people who can pay the higher rental will move into the new apartments. And with the aid of public funds, Fred F. French, the promoter of this development, and one of the best-known speculative real-estate builders in New York, will recoup his losses on a business venture which the depression had wrecked. Thereby hangs an interesting tale.

In 1929 Mr. French, famous as the creator of Tudor City, an expensive residential development in mid-Manhattan, conceived a similar project on the lower East Side of Manhattan, to be known as Knickerbocker Village. This was to be a high-class residential development, renting at $20 a room, for minor executives employed in the downtown financial district within walking distance of Knickerbocker Village. He organized dummy corporations to buy up property in this section. The real-estate brokers were pledged to secrecy and were unknown to one another. The purchasing was done so quietly and well that it was December, 1931, before the public learned of Mr. French's grandiose scheme. By that time he had acquired fifteen acres at a cost exceeding $5,000,000. His agent revealed the plan in an appeal to the city tax authorities to lower the assessment on these properties. Mr. French was pictured as a public-spirited benefactor who deserved special consideration because he was going to rebuild the East Side, the city's worst slum area.

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Money, however, was not forthcoming to finance the venture. The depressed condition of real estate had frozen new investment. Besides, Mr. French's other undertakings were not doing well. Fred French Operators found it necessary to default in 1931 and 1932 on $14,000,000 of preferred stock paying 6 per cent dividends. Mr. French had never sold "fake mortgage" bonds to finance his building operations. Instead, he had sold preferred stock without voting rights even after passing dividends. The public had been given the impression in cleverly written prospectuses that the preferred stock had a first lien upon the earnings of the properties because there were no first mortgages, when actually there were. Several law suits on behalf of preferred stockholders based on this fact are now in process.

Mr. French was in a bad predicament. The properties which he had purchased on the East Side barely earned enough to pay interest on the mortgage and taxes. It looked as if the money his company had invested in the acquisition of sites for Knickerbocker Village would be a total loss. Then Congress authorized the R. F. C. last summer to lend up to $1,500,000,000 for self-liquidating public improvements, including limited-dividend housing. Fred F. French saw his opportunity and took it. Knickerbocker Village, Inc., a limited-dividend housing corporation, was organized. Mr. French agreed to place the company under the supervision of the State Housing Board, and obtained its approval for his plans. Mr. French has in the past revealed his ability to get special favors from the public authorities. Judge Seabury in his investigation of the New York City government disclosed that Mr. French in 1926 had paid $135,000 to the law firm of Olvany, Donnelly, and Eisner to obtain four exemptions and two amendments to the building-zone law. Judge Olvany, who was then leader of Tammany Hall, had no difficulty in getting results for Mr. French. Evidently the gentleman knows his way about the town.

With the aid of Al Smith, the housing board obtained a loan from the R. F. C. up to $8,075,000 for the construction of the building, which will also be exempt from taxation. In return for these privileges the maximum rental cannot exceed $12.50 a room. This is considerably less than Mr. French contemplated originally for Knickerbocker Village, but it is compensated for by partial tax exemption and lower capital costs. The interest rate on the R. F. C. loan will be 5 per cent and will be amortized at the rate of 2 per cent. Under the original plan the interest on his first mortgage, covering about 50 per cent of the cost of the project, would have been 6 per cent and the amortization, 3 per cent. The saving to the company through the equivalent of cheaper first-mortgage money will be $100,000 a year. The saving on taxes will amount to $200,000 a year. If these savings were not effected, the rental per room per month would have to be raised to $16.75 a room, or not so very much less than the $20 contemplated in the original development. And speculative builders with white elephants on their hands would be silly not to take advantage of public credit, particularly when the government will allow them to make money in a number of ways.

Mr. French's profit will come from three separate sources. First, the site owned by Fred French Operators is to be turned over to Knickerbocker Village, Inc. It has an area of 165,000 square feet and is valued at about $2,000,000, or $13 a square foot. In return the corporation will get $2,000,000 in stock of Knickerbocker Village, Inc., paying a 5 per cent dividend, or $100,000 a year. The Fred French Construction Company, a subsidiary owned by the Operators, will act as general contractor and will receive a fee for its services. Finally, after the buildings are completed, the Fred French Management Corporation, of which Mr. French is sole owner, will enter into a contract to manage the properties. These last two fees have yet to be determined. The management fee will probably amount to $250,000 a year. This will be the sum left from income after deducting capital charges. It will allow an annual maintenance cost of $41 a room. Mr. French's profit on this item will depend upon his ability to reduce actual costs below $41 a room. In six of the Cooperative Amalgamated Clothing Workers' Housing Corporation buildings $40 a room in 1931 covered all operating and maintenance expenses. It ought not to be very difficult for Mr. French to bring his cost down to $35 a room. He will pay lower wages than a cooperative organized by a trade union. Prices of materials and supplies, such as coal, are now considerably lower than they were in 1931. At this figure his profits from management should come to $37,000 a year. But this is not the whole story. Fred French Operators own ten more acres on the East Side, and our "hero" has announced that he will apply for R. F. C. funds to build on these sites. If the same set-up prevails, his profits will be almost quadrupled.

Is there something to be said in favor of the Knickerbocker development? Two weeks ago this writer discussed the housing question with Louis Pink of the State Housing Board at a dinner meeting of a Brooklyn group. Mr. Pink, in defending the project, admitted that it did not mean substantially better housing for the workers of the lower East Side but said that the destruction of the "lung" block would be a distinct gain. Besides, he went on, it will furnish employment for 10,000 men both directly and indirectly. In other words, it is better than nothing.

The answer to this argument is that the same results could be accomplished by building homes for the slum dwellers who need it most. This cannot be done, however, by limited-dividend housing. It requires government construction with a subsidy. Decent homes at $5 or $6 a room cannot be built unless part of the capital costs are met from taxes. The federal government ought to advance funds for housing to municipal housing departments, the rent to be fixed at a price that the poorest can pay. If this does not yield enough to pay full interest and amortization on the investment, the federal government should meet the deficit from taxes. A nation which builds battleships from taxes can afford to build homes from taxes.

Unless the policy I have outlined is adopted, R. F. C. funds for housing will be used in many parts of the United States to help speculative real-estate builders tide over hard times. Ohio and Texas have enacted housing laws modeled after the New York State limited-dividend law. Groups have organized in New Jersey, Minnesota, Michigan, Massachusetts, and elsewhere to force the enactment of similar legislation. This current interest in housing legislation can be directly traced to the availability of federal government funds through the R. F. C. for this purpose. Now is the time to force a change in policy and program. Public funds for housing should first be used to provide decent homes for the workers at rentals they can afford to pay.

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The Nazi Revolution at Work

By LUDWIG LORE

AN article written by Mussolini for an Italian encyclopedia on the Origin and History of Fascism begins with the words: "Political doctrines disappear; nations go on." The Italian dictator confesses that he had no definite plans for the future when he embarked on his March on Rome, that only the dominant urge to act in a political crisis, the result of his Socialist training in the past, impelled him to set out on his blind adventure. For himself and his followers in those momentous days Mussolini claims little more than an intuitive activism that knew but a single aim—power at all costs. Despite its far-reaching political organization and its "inviolate" program of twenty-five points, the National Socialist German Labor Party, the fascist organization of Germany, differs little from its Italian prototype in this respect. What Mussolini said of Italian fascism applies to the Nazis as well; their program, too, is a mere by-product of the will-to-power, a composite of unrelated ideas.

Chancellor Adolf Hitler

On January 30 Germany experienced its "national revolution." The Germany of yesterday has already disappeared. The peasant in the field and the worker at his bench have learned that might alone is the measure of all things. The National Socialists have always scoffed at the idealist who believes that the battles of the world can be won with spiritual weapons. A whole nation has now accepted their view. A Germany has come into being in which the belief in brute force has overcome all sentimental and legal inhibitions. Life is relentless and merciless and can be conquered only by him who is relentless and merciless in turn. For the time being the struggle for existence in this desperate nation finds expression in the struggle of each individual against every other. Liberal Germany and its ideals are dead.

The Jew in Germany was the first to feel the savagery of the new regime. According to its recent proclamations the German government has embarked on a campaign of economic annihilation against the Jew as a "defensive measure against the campaign of calumnies and lies" that is allegedly being conducted by the Jews the world over against the National Socialist government. But even a cursory examination into the recent and remote history of the two parties that constitute the government of fascist Germany reveals that both have long professed an aggressive anti-Semitism as a fundamental tenet of their political beliefs.

The struggle against international finance and loan capital has become the most important programmatic issue in the fight of the German nation for its independence and its freedom. Every serious National Socialist shares this conviction, for the solution of the financial problem will depend, fundamentally, on the rational solution of the question of the Jew—and more. Anti-Semitism is, in a sense, the emotional substructure of our movement. Every National Socialist is an anti-Semite, although not every anti-Semite becomes a National Socialist. Anti-Semitism is purely negative, and the anti-Semite per se, although he recognizes in the Jew the bearer of the pestilence that threatens the integrity of nations and their racial purity, expresses this realization in personal hatred for individuals and their achievements in business life.

In the flood of Nazi newspapers and periodicals it would be difficult to find an article that does not contain at least a passing reference to the "Jewish menace." Thus Hermann Esser, editor of the *Illustrierte Beobachter* and now First Assistant Commissar for Bavaria, wrote in a pamphlet published by the party:

> Indians and Hottentots, yes, even the cannibals on the islands of the Pacific, are human beings. But who would seriously consider the appointment of one of them as Minister of the Interior or Burgomaster. Yet these cannibals and Hottentots, not to speak of the Indians, are a thousand times more congenial than the Jew, this monstrosity of the world's history who believes himself ordained to devour the peoples of the earth or, at least, to make them his obedient servants for all times.

Adolf Hitler, more recently, has left such anti-Semitic vulgarities to his lieutenants, among whom Goebbels and Göring, both members of his Cabinet, are notorious for the coarseness of their attacks. But he too has had his day when his hatred for the Jew was unclouded by considerations of state and diplomacy. In his autobiography, "Mein Kampf," published in 1928, he speaks of his Jewish contemporaries with frank detestation:

> He who does not find himself vilified each morning in the Jewish press has not spent his time in useful activity. Had this been the case he would have been slandered, persecuted, abused, and befouled by Jews. Only he who most effectively fights these deadly enemies of our racial purity, these despoilers of the integrity of the Aryan race and its culture, may enjoy the privilege of their rancor and the attacks of their people.

On another page:

> From a sentimental citizen of the world I had changed into a fanatic anti-Semite. So I now believe that I am acting today in accordance with the will of our Almighty Creator: in defending myself against the Jews I am doing the work of the Lord.

Later Hitler became more guarded in his expressions, especially in his interviews with American newspapermen. "I have no quarrel with the respectable Jew," he was quoted by the New York *Times* on October 15, 1930, "but when the Jew makes common cause with bolshevism we must look

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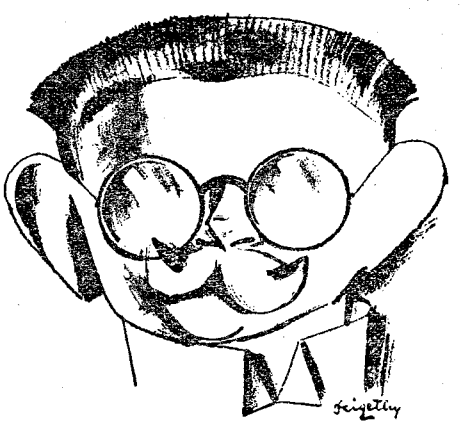
upon him as an enemy." In the New York *American* of January 5, 1930, Karl von Wiegand published an interview with the present Chancellor in which the latter said: "I am not in favor of curtailing the rights of the Jew in Germany." When asked why anti-Semitism, nevertheless, was given so prominent a place in his program, he replied: "Because people would not understand my refusal to do so."

In the blazing resentment with which the world received the news of Germany's reversion to medieval barbarism, the economic background of the anti-Semitism of the National Socialist movement is often overlooked. Racial and religious prejudices are the soil in which the seeds of anti-Semitism are planted. But they fade and die unless nurtured by economic forces. The German business man hates the Jew, not for his beliefs and traditions, but for his success as a business competitor; the intellectual would accept the Jehovah of his Jewish colleague, but he cannot tolerate his superior intelligence and his growing mastery of the German professional and artistic worlds. To leaders of the German National Socialist Party the Jew is above all the builder and motive force of the labor movement. They hate him for his leadership in the spiritual life of the masses, and as that element which more than any other is responsible for their acceptance of Socialist, Communist, and progressive ideas. If the labor movement is to be crushed, the Jew must be removed from every position of influence in the nation, and Chancellor Hitler has made the extermination of Marxism the dominant need of the hour. "So long as the Almighty grants me the breath of life," he vowed in the meeting that opened the last Reichstag campaign, "it will be my will and my determination to destroy this menace to the root. Never, never will I deviate a single step from my solemn duty to eradicate Marxism and all its accompaniments from the German nation." This hatred of what he terms "Marxian" influence, more even than his determination to uproot the labor and trade-union movement, which he regards as the greatest handicap to Germany's capitalist restoration, is the positive force that gives direction to every moral and spiritual concept this movement claims to possess. It is at the bottom of its racial hatred, its positivist Christianity, its educational and moral standards.

How little the German fascist movement has been able to influence the fundamental philosophy of the German working class, recent elections have shown. The bourgeois parties of the middle have been decimated beyond hope of recovery by this new political force; the "Marxist front" has thus far successfully resisted every effort to dislodge its political influence over the German worker. In the first enthusiastic days of the November revolution, on January 19, 1919, 13,700,000 Germans, that is, 45 per cent of the voting population, cast their ballots for the Marxist parties. After fourteen years of progressive disillusionment and need and want, after ten years of a growing nationalist and anti-Marxist propaganda under the leadership of a demagogue of extraordinary power and organizational ability, backed up by every tradition dear to the heart of German reaction, labor polled a joint vote of 13,200,000, or 37.3 per cent of the total vote. The election of March 5 followed a campaign conducted by a government already firmly intrenched, with every conceivable means of terroristic propaganda. Yet the labor parties were able to unite 30.4 per cent of the total vote on their candidates.

The tentative experiments of that campaign of terror have become the practice of the new regime. A law of April 1, the first under the enabling act, decrees the immediate dissolution of all state diets which held no elections on March 5, and of all municipal and town councils. Successors are not to be elected, but the old diets and councils will be remodeled in accordance with the results of the Reichstag election of March 5. This law legalizes the ban from parliament of the Communist Party. Under its provisions no Communist may be admitted to any diet or municipal council. The election of Communist deputies to the Reichstag and to the Prussian Diet on March 5 is revoked, their seats to remain vacant to give the National Socialist Party an absolute majority that will make it independent of all other parties. While not officially forbidden, the Communist Party has been totally incapacitated by the arrest of its leaders and active members. Only the consideration that thousands of its members would at once join the Social Democratic Party has thus far prevented its formal suppression. By permitting its continued official existence the government shrewdly prevents what it most fears—a united front of the German proletariat.

The lot of the Social Democracy is not much better. Its deputies have been permitted to take their places in the various parliaments, it is true, but in their opposition to the present regime they do not and dare not venture beyond an occasional weak protest and a carefully restrained opposition, as the speech of Wels at the opening of the Reichstag showed. The entire Socialist press was suppressed up to March 25, and on that day its suppression was extended "for an indefinite period." According to Dr. Frick its reappearance will be permitted when the government has become convinced that the "behavior of the party warrants a more conciliatory attitude on the part of the government." Meanwhile, the government is trying to separate the "free" trade unions from their political allegiance to the Social Democracy—an allegiance that has lasted half a century. In Saxony, Bavaria, Baden, Brunswick, and Württemberg—and other states will follow in a few days—the government commissioners have been ordered to direct the trade unions to "take up their routine activities at once" but with a strict injunction against all political activity. Nazi "cells" and their organizers, together with officials and police authorities, have been given supervision over the individual unions. They are to exercise strict control over union mail and over the financial and other business transactions of such unions as have hitherto cooperated with Socialist or Communist organizations. Trade-union meetings must be brought to the attention of the authorities forty-eight hours before they take place and can be held only under police supervision. Public trade-union meetings are forbidden.



Alfred Hugenberg

What is happening to the labor movement—the suppres-

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sion of free thought and the complete rupture with a proud past—is taking place, perhaps even more dramatically, in the rich field of Germany's cultural life. The atrocities that are being committed in Germany against persons of world renown in art, letters, and every other cultural field are not the fruit of uncontrolled passions released by revolutionary upheaval. They are part of a definite, carefully planned program of relentless persecution against those who refuse to accept the National Socialist super-nationalist philosophy, or who, because of race or creed, have incurred the hatred of the present rulers. In the two short months of its existence the Hitler government has swept like a devastating storm over creative Germany. More than a hundred outstanding artists of the stage have been excluded from all state and municipal playhouses and operas. Prussia's Minister of Culture and Education has declared that he will not permit Jewish conductors to direct state or municipal operas or leading orchestras. Men of such recognized genius as Bruno Walter, for years admired and esteemed in America as guest conductor of the New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra, have been ousted. Famous managers and directors of state and municipal theaters and opera houses, such as Professor Ebert and Professor Max Reinhardt in Berlin, Hans Hartmann in Chemnitz, Dr. Jessner in Königsberg, Dr. Reucker in Dresden, Dr. Karl Wollf and Erich Engel in Leipzig, were also among the first victims of the new regime and have been replaced without notice by National Socialists of doubtful ability.

Thomas and Heinrich Mann, the former the winner of the Nobel prize for literature, both of whom are hated by the Nationalists for their courageous defense of the republic and the labor movement, and Käthe Kollwitz, internationally famous for her proletarian line drawings and etchings, resigned from the Berlin Academy of Art and Sciences after seven National Socialists had been added to its Executive Committee by order of Dr. Rust, Commissioner of Education and Culture in Prussia. Modern architects have been discharged from public posts, among them Wagner in Berlin and Dr. Encke in Leipzig. Liberal and radical writers have been driven from Germany, imprisoned, or threatened with violence. Ernst Toller, Lion Feuchtwanger, Arthur Holitscher, Arthur Rundt, Emil Ludwig, Theodor Wolff, Jacob Wassermann, Georg Bernhardt, Egon Erwin Visch, the famous "rasende Reporter," Arnold and Stephan Zweig—to mention only those whose works are well known on this side of the Atlantic—left the shores of their Fatherland behind them rather than risk the fate of Dr. Hodann, city physician of Berlin and pioneer in the field of sex psychology, Erich Mühsam, the anarchist poet, Ludwig Renn, anti-militarist and Communist writer, Carl von Ossietzky and Kurt Tucholsky, editors of the *Weltbühne,* all of whom were arrested by Nazis several weeks ago. Not a single liberal magazine is being issued in Germany. *Simplicissimus,* the world-famous satirical magazine, has been suppressed, though it practiced the greatest moderation and caution.

The cultural program of the National Socialist knows but a single aim—the restoration of what he pleases to call "Germanic culture," a culture uniting racial intolerance with a blind and aggressive nationalism that rejects the products of the post-war era in art, literature, music, and architecture as the creations of a Jewish and therefore degenerate civilization. The foundation of this new culture is a militant "Christianity" that demands an eye for an eye and preaches hatred and prejudice against all who do not accept its tenets. Germany's school system is being reorganized on the basis of Christian precepts and the Christian faith. Schools called into being during the years of the republic by freethinkers and workers' organizations for the propagation of a modern *Weltanschauung* have been officially disbanded, for instance, the famous Karl Marx Schule in Berlin, directed by Dr. Karsen. To those teaching or propagating atheism the new regime threatens and has already meted out severe penalties. Religious instruction, banned from schools since 1918 wherever the regularly elected parent boards so decided, has been restored to the important place it held under the Hohenzollerns and attendance has been made obligatory. By a recent order daily prayers are again part of the school routine. By order of the Minister for Education the theory of evolution must be brought into accord with Biblical history. History must be presented to emphasize Germany's superiority and national greatness and must glorify its past under monarchical rule. The study of the Weimar constitution has been discontinued and in its stead special attention is being paid to the Treaty of Versailles.

The Freie Volksbühne, with its more than 150 affiliated societies in the Reich, the proud owner of modern playhouses and repertory companies in the largest industrial cities, has been ruled out of existence. German culture, which, more than that of any other nation, led the world's intellectual and spiritual life, is a thing of the past.

In view of the great influence that the church will exert on every phase of public life in the "new Germany," the position that the Centrist Party—hitherto the only remaining opposition party of the bourgeoisie—would take toward the Hitler regime was a matter of interested speculation. Now that the Centrist groups in the Reichstag and in the Prussian Landtag have voted for the dictatorship without a dissenting voice, the subjugation of the Catholic Party of Germany under the yoke of National Socialism is an accomplished fact. But the government demands more than tacit approval. It demands active participation in the work of fascist reconstruction, a task to which the clergy has not yet been able to adjust itself. But for it too the hour of complete subjugation has come. The semi-official Vatican City Correspondence says under the date of March 14:

> The situation created in Germany by the stupendous triumph of the Brown Shirts is interesting from the point of view of the relationship between the government and the Catholic church. The attitude of the Centrist Party and a number of decisions of the German clergy during the period of the early Hitler demonstrations had given rise to conclusions that today—according to highest authority—have lost all justification. During the entire development that led to the present situation the German clergy has studiously avoided anything that might produce a mutual irritation or resentment which could bring only disaster upon the political leaders and the spiritual interests of the church. The careful instructions issued by the German bishops during the last elections were intended to remind Catholic voters of their solemn obligation to cast their ballots for candidates only who represent no anti-religious program or parties. . . . With a healthy governmental activity, a firm program, and wholesome discipline the Hitler party will be a bulwark against a Bolshevist invasion that would mean the ultimate destruction of the nation and the

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> beginning of chaos in Europe, and which is being furthered in mad and criminal irresponsibility by the powers of darkness. . . . German Catholics will not stand aside at a moment so decisive for the fate of their country and perhaps of Europe.

The Centrist Party will therefore become a positive factor in fascist Germany, striking a course that was manifest from the start and wholly in keeping with its innermost structure, which endeavors to represent the Catholic worker and the middle class, and with the entire medieval conception of social forces of the mother church. Fascist dominance of the Catholic church will be the next logical step in Germany as it was in Italy and in every other country where fascism is victorious.

A month ago Count Keyserling, a man of notoriously conservative views, outlined what he believed would be the future of the "Dritte Reich" in the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* as follows:

> A policy based on nationalism as a party program, nationalism in the sense of the Hohenzollern or nationalism based on race and blood, must of necessity end in the worst fratricidal struggle that has ever devastated Germany. The offensive charge that he who does not support this man or that in the nation is therefore not German must release the furies of hatred upon our people. Once more I venture to prophesy—and events have rarely given the lie to my predictions—if that struggle of brother against brother comes, the parties of the left will win, for theirs is the older tradition.

The Starvation Army

By JOHN KAZARIAN

THERE are two ways of getting from place to place—hitch-hiking on the highway or riding a freight train and occasionally a passenger. The first is less dangerous and more comfortable. One soon learns to go beyond the city limits to hail cars. It may be a long walk from the center of town to the main highway, especially in the larger cities, but by panhandling for a few hours when the police are not looking, one may pick up enough money to pay the fare to the outskirts of the city and have a few pennies to spare. The hitch-hiker must be just as careful about accepting a "lift" as the owner of an automobile in offering it. He must not ride with every Tom, Dick, and Harry; he must avoid drunken drivers, persons who look suspicious, and those who ask him if he has money to pay for the gas. A good many owners of automobiles on the highway make a business of hi-jacking wanderers. Such cases are never reported in the newspapers. I met a middle-aged man in Denver, Colorado, whose bandaged head and black-and-blue eyes gave evidence of a struggle. I asked him what had happened.

"That's what I got for playing the highway. I picked cotton in Kirkland, Texas, and earned ten dollars. You know how hard I had to work for that—cotton picking only pays forty cents a hundred. Well, after I made the money, I went out on the highway. Three fellows in a car gave me a lift. We goes out about three miles and they asks me if I had any money. 'Hell, no,' I says. Then they piles on me, takes my money which they finds in my shoes, and dumps me on the highway. From now on, me for the freights."

In general, however, the highway is cleaner and there is less danger of being picked up for vagrancy. In a few States railroad and bus corporations have placed on the statute books laws prohibiting the solicitation of rides. Fortunately, these laws are unpopular and the State police themselves will often give one a lift. Hopping freight trains and riding passengers in the blind remain the most popular means of travel in spite of the danger. A certain knack is required to get on and off trains safely and a good many men do not have it. Some railroads do not permit the boarding of trains in the yards, so that it becomes necessary to grab the freights "on the fly" after they leave the yards. Sometimes the train has picked up so much speed that it is absolute folly to try to board it, yet the attempt is often made, and not infrequently legs or arms are caught under the wheels.

Even if one succeeds in boarding the freight, there may be another difficulty—railroad employees whose main delight seems to be knocking men off trains in motion. Refusal to jump off voluntarily is met with clubs on the body. If the hobo is armed with a gun or a knife, which is not unusual, he may fight to stay on. I am told that it was during a struggle of this kind that a youngster killed the father of "Texas Slim," a railroad bull in Longview, Texas. Now Texas Slim is carrying on for his father, but I have heard men in the jungles predict his demise.

Another railroad bull who, to put it mildly, is not popular with hobos is "Denver Bob," of Amarillo, Texas. At three o'clock one morning in October the freight train I was riding arrived in Amarillo. We were sleeping in an empty box-car when a brakeman put his light inside the car and warned us to get out of the yards before Denver Bob appeared. Cold, hungry, and half asleep, we scattered in the fear of one man who has a reputation all over the land for being a "tough hombre." We gathered wood, built a fire, and squatted around it. The chief topic of conversation was how much longer Denver Bob would enjoy the sweetness of life. The Starvation Army, until a more opportune day, admitted defeat; its morale was broken, its stomach empty, and the weather unbearably cold.

Free rides during the cold winter months are well earned. Even an empty box-car with the doors closed is cold and uncomfortable. It is hell itself to ride on the tops of the cars or in the reefers—small compartments in a fruit car allowing easy circulation of air to preserve the fruit. Many a freight train has lost some of its human cargo, perhaps because hands were frozen and could not hang on any longer.

As soon as the Starvation Army invades a town it begins the search for food. The inexperienced go to the Salvation Army, a community kitchen, or a mission. On the whole most of these relief agencies are unsatisfactory.

Case 1. In some of its branches the Salvation Army makes a hungry man work on a wood pile from thirty to sixty minutes on an empty stomach. In Missoula, Montana,

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each of us was assigned to a pile of logs. Fortunately, I had a partner with me and the saw was sharp. We had been on the wood pile half an hour when a one-armed man approached and asked for something to eat. "Are you willing to work?" asked the man in charge.

The one-armed man hesitated for a moment, glancing at the other hobos as they struggled with their jobs. Finally he said, "I guess so." Obviously he could not chop wood. But he was given a small saw and assigned to a pile of wood. The Salvation Army apparently recognizes no difference between the old and the young, the feeble and the strong, the crippled and the sound, and to the man on the road nothing seems more inconsistent with the spirit of charity than the principle of quid pro quo.

Case 2. The Community Kitchen in San José, California, is in a large brick building located a good distance from the center of town. It is operated by the city and has no affiliation with the Salvation Army. As I approached the entrance, a foul smell penetrated my nostrils. But it was Sunday—a hard day for bumming—so I decided to join a long line waiting for food. As I moved up to the serving table I noticed that the cook was chewing tobacco and spitting every now and then on the kitchen floor. I received a bowl of soup, two slices of stale bread, and a cup of black coffee. I asked the cook for a spoon. "There ain't none," he replied.

I looked around for a seat, but there was not one in the entire building. All the men were eating standing up. The soup had a horrible stench. Its taste was worse than its smell. The man next to me pulled out a bag of salt which he had bummed. He said he always carried it with him into relief agencies, so that he could flavor the food. But nothing in the world could have helped that soup. The coffee was sugarless and tasted like chicory. The stale bread alone was edible. Gingerly I walked to the garbage can and emptied the remains of my soup and coffee. And I saw that I was not alone in my rudeness to the city of San José. Other guests had also deposited their dinners in the garbage can. The man at the door told us to file out and wait for him, and we were put on the wood pile for half an hour to earn our dainty dinner.

Case 3. The Rescue Mission in Colorado Springs, Colorado, is operated by a private individual. One evening eight hungry men were waiting for the church services to begin at seven o'clock and end at nine, when the stomachs of the sinners were to be satisfied. At seven-thirty the leader of the services had not appeared. The persons in charge, blaming his absence on the storm outside, arranged for a different leader. Fortunately, the room was warm and a meal was not far off. The new leader was a young lady whose absorbing passion in life apparently was to aid the sinful and distressed. We sang hymns very discordantly. When nine o'clock came round, we were still singing for the salvation of our souls. At last the singing stopped. We expected any moment to be invited to eat, but it takes time to purify the soul.

"Has anyone a testimony to make?" asked the leader. No one budged. "Who will testify that he has seen the light?" she continued. "Who will seek forgiveness for his sins?"

The man on my left stood up to testify. He said he had been a gambler, a drinker, a smoker, the worst of sinners, but the Lord had saved him. I am inclined to think that his testimony was the sudden offspring of hunger.

"Glory be to God," said the pleased leader.

"Halleluiah, praise the Lord," chimed in her cohorts.

The leader and her friends got down on their knees to testify. They screamed, shouted to God, and wept audibly. Each one seemed bent on drowning the voices of the others. We could no longer hear the storm on the roof. It was not until nine-thirty that these good people out of exhaustion stopped their exercise. Now that they had purged their sins we felt certain that the time had come to feed the transgressors.

"Will Mother W—— give the sermon?" inquired the leader of an old lady with gray hair. After delicate refusals and repeated requests the kind lady complied. She spoke about the affliction of her insane boy. She felt sure that he would be saved. The Lord Almighty was kind. It seemed that the good lady did not know when to stop. At ten-fifteen she was as vigorous in her praise of the Deity as at nine-thirty. The sinners lost hope. The man on my left who had given testimony whispered, "Let's get the hell out of this madhouse. It'll be morning before we eat." I agreed. It certainly was impolite, but our stomachs ordered us to leave.

The rain was falling heavily. My partner took the right side of the main street and I the left, and we "hit up" every cafe for work in return for a meal. Fortunately we succeeded, but only after a drenching. In many missions an attempt is made to convert the hobo through his stomach, but the Rescue Mission in Colorado Springs is more zealous than most.

Case 4. The Central Union Mission in Washington, D. C., lodges the unemployed and feeds them twice daily. Breakfast, which is served from six to six-thirty in the morning, consists of a small saucer of oatmeal, a thick slice of bread, and a cup of sugarless black coffee. When breakfast is finished, the men are turned into the streets until the next and last meal, which is served from four to five. It consists of a bowl of soup, three thin slices of apple, a chunk of bread, and black coffee. I spent four days in this mission; the diet was the same each day and "seconds" were not to be had. We received just enough food to keep us alive. The experienced man, for obvious reasons, avoids the charity of welfare agencies and patronizes them only if driven to it. To get edible food that will "stick to one's ribs" the Starvation Army prefers to knock on back doors and work for a private individual. A person who is willing to feed a hungry man seldom requires work in return, although in Laurel, Montana, I worked on a large heap of dirt for an hour and a half for a bowl of beans. Some people give the wanderer a meal ticket to one of the town's relief agencies. I have enlightened many of these charitable people by offering to show them what kind of food is given out and the piles of wood that must be sawed or chopped on an empty stomach. And many a man has decided to aid the distressed directly, so that he will know what is done with his money.

If the Starvation Army has no luck at private houses, there are many other possibilities: restaurants, grocery stores, drugstores, insane asylums, Catholic hospitals, a negligible few Y. M. C. A.'s, some jails, Jewish charities if one is a Jew, and such institutions as the Union Printers' Home in Colorado Springs. However, to escape the clubs of the law

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one must "play" with caution the grocery stores, cafes, and houses. It is not enough for a man to be out of a job. If he looks for food, he is regarded as a criminal. A hungry man without the means of satisfying his hunger is not a respectable citizen, and can be preyed upon by the police.

"I was walking near Tulane University in New Orleans," said a friend I met in Houston. "I spotted some swell houses. The first house I dings hits the bull right in the eye. The maid gives me a lump and tells me I wouldn't have to work for it. So I takes it to the water front and begins to eat it. Then along comes a bull. 'Where'd you get that?' he says. So I tells 'im. He takes me to the police station. The judge wouldn't believe that I asked to work for the lump. He gives me thirty days in the can."

The Saint Francis Hospital in Colorado Springs, like all Catholic institutions, never turned down a hungry man until the police ordered the hospital to discontinue such charity. This was explained to me by a nurse, who was sorry she could not help me.

Stemming, or panhandling for money on the streets, is more risky than any other form of bumming. The bum's judgment of human nature is not always proof against plain-clothes men. What happens to the detected beggar depends on the character of the officer. Sometimes he is warned to "beat it." Usually, he gets a jail term for vagrancy. A good many members of the Starvation Army prefer to bum their groceries from stores and houses and cook their own food in the jungles. Every town has its jungle, unless it has been broken up by the police. This happened last August in Sacramento, California, when hundreds of men had gathered in the hobo camps and there was fear of a revolt. In the jungles are running water, tin cans, basins, firewood, and other handy articles. Many of these cans have been used for years by all sorts of individuals, both healthy and diseased. But hungry men are not squeamish. Some of them scour the utensils with a handful of dirt. Others pay no attention to the rust in the cans from which they drink their coffee or eat their "mulligan," a stew made of a chunk of meat, potatoes, onions, and whatever other vegetables can be bummed or pilfered. Where city water is not available, the jungles are located near a running stream. In case of a shortage of firewood the Starvation Army breaks down the walls of unused box-cars, and sometimes it does not hesitate to plunder railroad ties or invade a lumber yard.

[*The third and last instalment of The Starvation Army will appear next week.*]

The Challenge of Muscle Shoals

By BENTON MACKAYE

Washington, April 7

WHAT is the significance of President Roosevelt's project in the Tennessee Valley? Some say it is too big, others say it is too small. Two New York newspapers call it "grandiose." Arthur Brisbane says that "some idea bigger than an engineering plan . . . is called for in this situation." Big or little, what are its potentialities for good or ill? Offhand it looks like the fruition of the conservation policy put forth a generation ago by the illustrious, if distant, "Cousin Theodore." It would conserve in the Tennessee Valley three of the "big four" natural resources—forests, waters, and soils—the fourth being ores. To "conserve" them means to make the most of them for all people for all time.

Senator Norris's water-power project at Muscle Shoals is of course a key point in the whole enterprise. As an old United States Forest Service man, who worked under Gifford Pinchot, I can almost see old Theodore smile through his big teeth and pronounce the whole thing "bully." It looks as if we were catching up with 1908, when President Theodore, declaring he was "against the land-skinner every time," established the then promising, now forgotten, National Conservation Commission. Franklin Roosevelt goes farther than Cousin Theodore. He adds a new item, namely, the "stimulation of decentralized industry." And thereby hangs the tale of what has come to pass in the last quarter-century, which has recorded an unparalleled mechanical advance.

Why decentralize industry? To speed its wheels? In some ways yes, in others no. To disperse an integrating proletariat? Perhaps an unconscious motive. To enable men to live like civilized persons in civilized surroundings—and not like ants in an ant hill? That is the ultimate promise of decentralized industry. It means decentralized life—new towns, new roads, new human settings generally.

Environment is a natural resource. It is an energy resource, like water power, but it is psychological and not mechanical; it is what the biologists call "outward influence"; and it is something more than scenery. It applies not only to the mountain scene where perhaps we spend our Sunday, but to the home and town where of need we spend our week days. And it applies to the motor wayside in between.

With these three situations—mountain, town, and wayside—go the three steps of environment which are basic to our human needs. One is the primeval—the influence man shares with all animate creatures; one is the communal—the influence of home and neighbor which converted us from beast to human; one is the rural—the blend of earth and man observed from the open road. The three natural resources are as fundamental to our cultural growth as timber, soil, and water to our physical being. The developments of each and all are inseparably interwoven.

We discover a thing by losing it. Since 1908 we have discovered this new resource of environment—something as "new" as air would be if it were gradually turned off. Air is to the body what environment is to the mind—a fundamental medium and resource. We are losing this medium and resource—on roads, in towns, in mountain spaces.

Take the road: The typical old-time road led from one town to another through open rural country. Enter, since 1908, the motor car, or private locomotive, which in effect has made a "railroad" out of every main road, even though we may call it romantically a "trail." A railroad recognized as such, whether of iron or cement, would be a line of transport only; stations appropriately spaced would be established,

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and entrance would be barred on the intervening stretches. But our modern motor cement railroad *not* recognized as such becomes more a line of buildings than of transport; our so-called "trail" becomes a street, and a market street at that. Since 1908 it has largely replaced the one-time rural wayside. The remedy consists in the simple recognition of the motorway as a railway and the control of the course of its development in the interests of the motorist, not the marketer.

The town is for living and not transport. The town or community is the larger home, and its essence is individuality. Any foreign element, such as transport, that disturbs this precious essence disturbs the essential community or home environment. The motor road has done this very thing. Invading one town after another it tends to break their bounds and connect them by an endless street or "road town." This spells the death of individuality. The genuine community and its home environment have been gradually disappearing since the good year 1908. It would be very simple to sidetrack this invasion. Merely sidetrack the town; divorce residence from travel; place town sites away from transport arteries and connect the two by a side spur. The complete solution of this problem occurs in the new town of Radburn, New Jersey. It is a matter of controlling, in the interest of both motorist and resident, the distribution of population and development.

Take finally the mountain range. The highest, widest, wildest mountain range in eastern North America rises from the Tennessee River basin. Topped by the Great Smokies it forms the basin's southeast wall and covers an area larger than New Jersey. A goodly portion is, or will be, publicly owned—it already comprises several national forests and the Great Smoky National Park. Long-distance footpaths follow for hundreds of miles the crests of the Great Smoky and other ranges; cabins and shelters provide overnight quarters for the increasing number of walkers. This system of footpaths, if not invaded by the motor car and all its train, will provide for Easterners the setting of primeval America.

The footpath system is accessible by means of motor highways across the ranges—through the valleys and over the gaps. Here the highway serves a wholly justifiable function—even when it ascends certain peaks. But the ponderous presence of the motor highway, even though shorn of shacks and signboards, should not follow for any substantial distance the skylines at the heart of the mountain wilderness. If it does the primeval environment for whose achievement the reservation was devised is to this extent invaded and rendered null and void. In the mountains as on the plain the big problem of the motor age is to restrict the motorway to its proper function and place.

The problem of the Tennessee Valley comes down to "stream control" of two kinds: the stream of waters in the rivers, and the stream of development along the highways. Each stream must be kept moving; each element must be finally distributed—one in terms of water power installed in power lines, the other in terms of human beings settled in communities. Each kind of stream requires a plan, one for the river, the other for the highway. One is a physical plan, the other is a cultural plan. The physical plan has three parts:

1. The main rivers, meaning the Tennessee and its main branches, should be harnessed. Reservoirs in Cove Creek and a dozen other upstream basins would store the flood waters and let them out again in a steady moderate flow to keep the turbines going at Muscle Shoals and the other power stations, where the might of flowing water would be turned into electricity and sent into a thousand other "rivers"—of copper wire.

2. Power lines, the wire "rivers," should be laid out throughout the region. Each wire should feed power to a smokeless factory which in turn would feed wages to a smokeless town. Energy supplied directly by nature, without help from the power trust, would rival the air in cheapness. What this would mean in the abolition of farm and home drudgery few Americans realize. They think of cheap current as halving their bills for electric lighting—a desirable but not exciting or important objective. But power produced, transmitted, and distributed as it could be under efficient and profitless management would mean the elimination of the other inconvenient fuels with which householders now struggle to stoke kitchen stove, water heater, range, or furnace. In future, householders within 350 miles of Muscle Shoals—and ultimately everywhere in the United States—will heat their homes by electricity, will cook, refrigerate, condition the air, and warm all water by electricity.

3. Forest cover should be maintained on the mountain slopes—for timber, and also to make a carpet sponge or natural reservoir to hold in check the upland freshets. The upland forest is the oozing source of the river and its power.

The cultural plan also has three parts:

1. The through highways would be insulated and provided with stations between which no cars would be allowed to enter or depart. The through motor road would be recognized for what in effect it is—a "cement railroad," and no development would be allowed to gather on its sides. The rural wayside environment would be maintained.

2. Communities would be laid out within the lowlands—each away from the main highway and connected with it by a spur; here, and not upon the highway, would be gathered the development; but it would be an orderly development distributed, as at Radburn, under definite town plans. The home-community environment would be maintained.

3. The Great Smoky and other mountain ranges would be equipped with skyline footpaths, including primitive shelters connected at appropriate gaps with transverse motorways; and certain peaks would be made accessible by motor. But the greater portion of the mountain area would remain a wilderness, or primeval environment. Here are the plans in parallel columns:

The Physical Plan	*The Cultural Plan*
1. Control of the flow of water along the river channels.	1. Control of the flow of development along the highway channels.
2. Distribution of water power via power lines throughout the lowlands.	2. Distribution of development in communities throughout the lowlands.
3. Maintenance of the forest on the mountain sides.	3. Maintenance of wilderness on the mountain sides.

What will Franklin Roosevelt do? Will he merely carry out Theodore Roosevelt's policies of 1908? Or will he adopt a policy advanced enough to fit his own generation? Whether we get paradise or slum in the Tennessee Valley depends on the answers to these questions.

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Dayton, Ohio, Makes Social History

By RALPH BORSODI

DAYTON, Ohio, is setting the stage for an important economic, social, and educational experiment. Out of the Production Units, established in the summer of last year under the leadership of Dr. Elizabeth Nutting and a group of exceptional personalities, is growing a movement to ring the city of Dayton with what will be known as Homestead Units. The Homestead Unit represents an attempt to solve the dilemmas of the machine age along entirely new lines.

In one respect the Dayton movement is quite different from the hundreds of self-help, barter, and scrip movements which have sprung up all over the country. It is an experiment in production for use as against production for sale or exchange. From the very beginning the leaders of the Dayton group have had in mind not only a temporary solution for the problem of the unemployed but a permanently better way of living for every man, woman, and child now struggling for happiness in our industrial civilization.

The original Production Units, of which there are now ten, are located in various sections of the city. They now have a membership of around 800 families and are the principal source of support of nearly 4,000 men, women, and children. The tenth unit was organized the week I was in Dayton in the middle of January—this unit included teaching and professional families of a much higher cultural level than those included in the earlier units. A unit was also being organized in one of the largest high schools in the city to include boys and girls who have graduated from school and who now find that the jobs in industry and business for which they spent years in training do not exist. These younger folk, like the adults in the older units, are being made to see this movement not merely as a stop-gap for the period of the depression but as an entirely new way of living. More and more Production Units will be established in the city and at the same time the movement will be extended into the country.

Superficially the Production Units are much like other groups in which the unemployed are organized for self-help, though the Dayton groups are smaller than most. The unit secures an empty house or store for headquarters, acquires sewing machines, shoe-making machinery, abandoned bakery ovens, and begins to make dresses and shirts, to bake bread, to repair shoes, to cut wood. What the members of the group cannot consume they trade to the city relief stores, to the farmers of the surrounding country, and among themselves for foodstuffs, cloth, raw materials, and other products. The Dayton plan is unlike most self-help schemes in that barter is merely incidental. Within each unit, distribution to the membership is made according to need, each member being required to put in a certain amount of work. Usually the time which the members devote to the unit is greatly in excess of the minimum required. Volunteer work is common and a spirit of comradeship and mutual helpfulness prevails.

The limitations within which the Production Units operate are obvious. In the city no raw materials can be produced. In order to obtain cloth, raw wool, and groceries which they do not produce, surpluses of clothing and bread and other products must be manufactured. This requires large-scale operations and is dependent upon the unit's ability to secure factory machinery. These large-scale operations thrust upon each organization problems of management actually much more difficult than those in an average factory, because the management has to be democratic. Politics, of course, arise. Revolutions within each unit have taken place, though each has managed ultimately to develop leadership and select a general manager and an executive committee efficient enough to carry on. The larger the units become—that is, the more nearly their operations approach factory proportions—the more difficult become the problems of management and distribution. As long as the units remain in the city and as long as they produce by factory methods surpluses which they can exchange for the commodities they do not make, they will have all the limitations under which cooperative organizations generally labor. Only exceptional leadership will in my opinion enable the units to maintain themselves when opportunities for outside employment increase for the members.

The Homestead Unit, the new experiment to which Dayton is now committing itself as fast as suitable tracts of land can be secured and the necessary funds raised, goes far beyond the Production Unit. In the Homestead Units, which are to be located within a fifteen-mile radius of the city, the families belonging to each unit will build their own homes and grow their own crops in addition to carrying on the group activities which the unit as a whole may decide on. Each tract will be owned by the unit as a whole; the homesteads will be granted to members under perpetual leaseholds and will consist of about three acres each. The pasture, wood-lot, and community buildings will be owned by the unit and used by the members under rules and regulations established by the whole group. Each family in the unit is expected to build its own home, poultry-house, cow-shed, and workshop; to cultivate a garden, set out an orchard and berry patch, and become as nearly self-sufficient as were the pioneers of a hundred years ago. Trades and crafts will be permitted to develop toward specialization as far as the members desire, but there will be no emphasis on specialization as a good in itself. Large-scale farming operations may be carried on by the group as a unit, just as the city units are now producing clothes, bread, and other goods.

The plans presented for the first Homestead Unit look toward the building of permanent and beautiful homes. The house walls will probably be made of rammed earth. Cellars and garrets will be avoided and the construction will be along lines developed by Ernest Flagg for beautiful and inexpensive small homes. The homesteaders will commute between the homesteads and their homes in Dayton while building the first wing of their house. As soon as these wings are completed, they will move in and begin to garden, to make their own furniture in their own workshops, to weave cloth on their own looms, and to make their own clothes on their own sewing machines. Electricity will be available not only

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for light but for power. Machinery will be used to reduce drudgery to a minimum. The crushing tax burden of elaborate water and sewerage systems will be avoided by the use of individual automatic pumps and individual septic tanks.

Ambitious as this venture may sound from the standpoint of capital required, the financial basis on which the project has been planned by the responsible group of Dayton citizens who are backing it is entirely sound. The funds to purchase the land and to build and equip the homesteads—the labor being supplied by the members of each unit—are to be lent to the units and to the homesteaders for a long term of years on the building-and-loan-association plan. Advances will be made for building material, for machinery, for tools, for live stock, and so on by a committee of business men of which General George H. Wood is chairman. Part-time employment and the sale or exchange of any surplus products will enable the homesteaders to repay the loans and keep intact the revolving fund with which additional homesteads may be established.

One feature of the plan shows the foresight with which the whole project is being launched. In order to prevent the possibility of speculation in land either at present or at some future time, perpetual leaseholds are to be substituted for the usual deeds to land. Thus all the advantages which flow from individual use and individual ownership of the homesteads will be retained, while injustices to the community flowing from the withholding of the land allotted to any homesteader from use will be prevented. The taxes levied upon the whole unit are to be apportioned among the leaseholders in accordance with the value of the piece of land leased to them.

The outstanding fact about these homesteads is that they are designed not only for family gardening but for family weaving and sewing and family activities in all the crafts which have been neglected for so many years. The loom-room and the workshop, with all their opportunities for self-expression and creative education, are once again to become part of the American scene. They are being brought back to the home in Dayton to fulfil the same functions that they fulfilled in the early American home—to furnish economic independence, security, and self-sufficiency. The tools and machines which will be used, however, instead of duplicating, with false romanticism, the clumsy appliances of pioneer days, will be modern and efficient. Power will be used both to eliminate drudgery and to speed up production. Modern inventions will supply comfort. The homestead will furnish the security of which industrialism has deprived us. What I called domestic machinery in my last book, in contrast to factory machinery, is to be given a chance to free the unemployed of Dayton from their dependence upon industry and make possible a higher standard of living than they ever before enjoyed.

Dayton is not waiting for economic planning in order to find some way of taming the machine. It is decentralizing production, instead of integrating it; and eliminating distribution costs by making the point of production and the point of consumption one and the same. It is making the home, rather than the factory, the economic center of life, and turning to education, and the artist-teacher rather than to the politician and the technical specialist for a way out. Dayton promises to make social history. Something really new is emerging from its struggle with the problem of relief.

In the Driftway

EVEN in a land whose credit is frozen and whose industry lies rigid under a killing frost the Drifter has confidence that spring will come. He may have lost faith in financiers and industrialists and politicians, but he still trusts in the seasons, and it is one of the boons granted to mortals that recurring processes of nature do not grow commonplace with repetition, but ever more amazing. As Chesterton says in one of his poems, it comes about

> That a man grows used to grief and joy
> But not to night and day.

The Drifter's thoughts have been roving springward because of a letter from a friend about a farmer. The farmer lived 2,000 years ago in a neck of the woods now known as Italy. His name was Publius Vergilius Maro, and although he was a good farmer, unfortunately he has come down to many moderns only as a beastly bore of a writer of Latin required in high schools, who is better known as Vergil. The Drifter's correspondent thinks it a pity that students are not allowed to approach Vergil through "The Georgics" rather than "The Aeneid," which latter he regards as a poor imitation of "The Odyssey" of Homer. Vergil was the son of a farmer and lived always among the fields. When he wrote "The Georgics" he spoke of something he knew and loved, says the Drifter's correspondent, and incloses an enthusiastic appreciation of the poem by Professor Savastano of the Sicilian fruit-culture station.

* * * * *

THE Drifter does not feel sure that "The Georgics" would be more inspiring to the average student than "The Aeneid," but he is charmed with the regard which Professor Savastano has for Vergil as a farmer and his enthusiasm for him as an authentic bard of agriculturists:

> The literati wish to make of "The Georgics" a didactic poem *on* agriculture; we agriculturists, on the other hand, maintain that they are a poem *of* agriculture. . . . Vergil reveals himself to the agriculturist; he has no one else in mind; he talks to him, advises, admonishes; he watches over him, commiserates him, exalts him now affectionately, now sternly, but always with Vergilian goodness; he speaks as farmer to farmer, expounding to him the tasks of the fields. And his exposition is so beautiful and gentle as to lack the rugged precision of agricultural technique; it is an exhibition of flowers and fruits, in which the enchantment of their beauty makes one take no account of the long and fixed labor endured to obtain them. . . . They ["The Georgics"] form the epic of us agriculturists and of our Mother Earth with her trees, fields, flocks, bees, flowers, all of which with maternal generosity she yields to us voluntarily and easily; they are *our* poem, the poem of agriculture.

* * * * *

IT is humbling to learn from Professor Savastano that Farmer Vergil knew the essentials of plant propagation as well as we know them today, and that his description in "The Georgics" of cleft grafting and budding is practically identical with modern technique. This spring, as not for

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many years, will the thoughts of Americans turn toward the soil and those who patiently make it yield us bread. William Jennings Bryan uttered some foolish words in his time, but many of them may be forgiven when we recall that in his famous cross-of-gold speech before the Democratic national convention in Chicago more than a generation ago he declared that if our cities should cease, our countryside would still go on, but if we allowed our farms to decay, grass would grow in the streets of New York.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The German Architects

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

During the past decade Germany had replaced England as the world's school of modern city planning. She was scientific where the others were only scholarly; she was both methodic and keen, economical and bold. Today all that is past. In the autumn I mentioned in one of my columns on architecture in *The Nation* the ominous closing by the Nazis of the famous Bauhaus. The Bauhaus later reopened in Berlin, but Berlin offers no shelter today. No news has come through yet about the school. Gropius, however, the original founder and probably one of the greatest living architects, is a refugee in Switzerland. Ernst May, who planned the famous Frankfort developments, happened to come back at just the wrong moment from Russia, but managed to skip to Italy. Bruno Taut, who designed a large proportion of the new housing in Berlin, was reported in his office one day, not to be found the next; my American informant later fell in with him on his way out of the country. Others still remaining in Germany could not be mentioned by name, even were their fate known; suffice it that these leaders are all gone.

It is not possible for anyone who knew these men to lay the blame entirely on the Nazis. Every American, among other foreign visitors, was begged by these German leaders to urge his countrymen, in the name of the survival of civilization, to ease the burden under which Germany was struggling. We were ineffective. The defeat is ours; the suffering theirs.

New York, April 7 DOUGLAS HASKELL

S. W. Straus and Company

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In your editorial comment on S. W. Straus and Company in your issue of March 29, you stated that "not only have millions of dollars of the real-estate mortgage bonds which that company sold become worthless, but those 'securities' had so little substantial value behind them that against $380,000,000 worth unloaded on the public, only $29,000 of liquid assets remain." The plain implication of this statement is that the various bond issues sold to the public by Straus and Company are at present secured only by the $29,000 of liquid assets of that company. Thus construed, the statement is inaccurate in every possible particular.

As your editorial later points out, these bond issues were not guaranteed by Straus and Company. Consequently the assets of that company, liquid or otherwise, in no sense secured these bonds and, by the same token, have nothing to do with the security back of them. The bonds were, and in most cases still are, secured by real estate of substantial value—frequently inadequate as events have shown, but on any estimate worth many millions of dollars. Further, a substantial number of these issues, aggregating (at a guess) $100,000,000 more or less, are not in default, even after the drastic deflation which all real estate and securities based thereon have undergone in the past three years. To intimate that these securities have now only $29,000 of realizable value behind them is grossly unfair both to the companies which have issued these securities and are still meeting their obligations thereon, and to the bond-holders of these issues, who, in common with other investors, have sufficient worries about their holdings without being stampeded by false rumors.

I have no interest in defending the methods and practices of the Straus organization. I am in entire sympathy with the desire of *The Nation* to see the public protected from a repetition of such practices. But this purpose will not be served by the careless misstatement of facts which are readily ascertainable upon even a casual inquiry.

New York, March 30 A. Y. L.

A Worm's-Eye View

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Kindly allow a worm a word. It seems to me that our legislative bellwethers and ardent pacifists who are trying to meet the ever-present threat of war by arranging disarmament conferences are getting the cart before the horse with true statesman-like dexterity. What is the use, may I ask, of calling costly and prolonged meetings to convene, debate, disagree, send home expense accounts, and adjourn while the several nations of the world continue to permit the private manufacture of and profits from the munitions of war?

To reduce the mere quantity of armaments, even if it could be done, is to begin at the tail end of the problem. If world governments would say conjointly and synchronously, "From now on no corporation under private control may produce, merchandise, or sell any guns, tanks, bombs, battleships, or planes," the whole business of war-promoting, war-preparing, and war-conducting would drop to pieces automatically. Then there would be no need for arguments or for converting the manufacturers to a better life. The one human activity most promptly to be abandoned is that activity which fails to produce dividends.

Dayton, Ohio, April 10 CHARLOTTE REEVE CONOVER

Contributors to This Issue

HENRY J. ROSNER, a frequent contributor to the *World Tomorrow* and the *New Leader*, is the research secretary of the City Affairs Committee.

LUDWIG LORE was formerly editor of the New York *Volkszeitung*.

BENTON MACKAYE is a forester, regional planner, and social dreamer.

RALPH BORSODI is the author of "This Ugly Civilization."

MARK VAN DOREN is the editor of "The Oxford Book of American Prose."

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER is the author of "The Temptation of Anthony."

GEORGE W. KIRCHWEY was formerly warden of Sing Sing prison and head of the department of criminology at the New York School of Social Work.

BENJAMIN GINZBURG is the author of "The Adventure of Science."

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Books, Art, Music, Drama

This Footfall of Departure

By LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS

Somewhere between idolatry and pride
We might have offered for an empty niche
A shape less marble and less deified,
Snared in that twilight of the god from which
We fled when first these frozen hands rebelled,
Touching the folded garment where it lay
On the white breast whose half-revealment held
All anguish of estrangement, all dismay.

This footfall of departure will not sound
Softer, nor any valediction make
Silence unheard in that forsaken place,
Although at last the sandal be unbound
And the warm night lean over us to shake
Her myriad stars down on a lifted face.

Enfant du Siècle

Intimate Memories. Background. By Mabel Dodge Luhan. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.

MABEL DODGE LUHAN'S vivid and persistently indiscreet book about D. H. Lawrence was one of the most interesting scandalous chronicles of our time, partly because of its well-presented subject matter, and partly because many passages left one pleasantly uncertain whether or not the author really intended the precise effect she was creating. With this new volume she begins the story of her own life as an indefatigable "seeker" who stopped at nothing, and though it lacks the interest contributed by the presence of a world-famous figure, it has many of the qualities which made the earlier book fascinating. Later instalments will doubtless deal freely with the celebrities who frequented her once famous New York salon, and will therefore contain more exciting gossip; but the present one gives a vivid description of the stodgy Buffalo society in which she grew up, and then pictures her beginning, as a girl in Paris, the real business of her life—namely, the search for some person or some cult which would combine in satisfactory fashion those elements of the exquisite and the outré which she was always seeking.

Daughter of a wealthy man so bored with his idleness and his family that he would, for example, run up an American flag every time his wife went away, she passed a lonely and brooding childhood which prepared her for the morbid enthusiasm that broke forth when she established a friendship with two chic and precious American girls living in Paris. Mrs. Luhan makes the little she can out of the scandalous implications of this girlhood infatuation, but that little is little enough, and the real significance of the whole long incident lies in the insight it gives into the development of a temperament genuinely sensitive to beauty but corrupted by a dogged determination to be superior, and by a careful, half-snobbish cultivation of exquisite idiosyncrasies.

The three girls went in heavily for sensibility. They devoured George Sand, adored Chopin, and listened while the ineffable Violet read De Musset. Later they made the pilgrimage to Bayreuth, and when such high delights lost their flavor, they discussed the defects of Violet's parents—*un cochon* and *une vache,* she called them—or "saw life" by sinfully dining alone in a little private dining-room at the Café de la Paix. Much ahead of her time Violet was studying mathematics at the Sorbonne "for the beauty." She was supposed to be one of those remarkable persons who somehow know the weariness of infinite experience without ever having had any actual experience at all, and looking back, Mrs. Luhan can say:

> Violet was, of all the people I have ever known . . . the highest evolved, the one who had reached the farthest. She held all the past within her, and she felt the end was near at hand. . . . She could not do anything about life. She could scarcely live in actions at all; all her living was of the intuition—a culture that she and her psychic ancestors had created and cultivated, carrying its increasing weight through endless generations, and that I and my kind would take over and perhaps painlessly, without effort, carry over into the new life in which she would have no part, her work being ended.

And yet, despite such a lyric passage, Mrs. Luhan can describe how, after reading George Sand, she herself could long "to stand sometime on a lonely promontory, wrapped in a great dark cloak [chic, be it noted, even in suffering], and be buffeted by fate and 'remain always *indomptable.*'" What is more, she can describe that with what seems to be an adequate appreciation of the adolescent theatricalism of the whole business. As a child, she was, in other words, very adult, but as an adult she retains a certain childishness, and whether that is a compliment or not, it does explain much of that sophisticated naivete which gives her books their peculiar flavor.

Torn from the civilizing influence of Violet and her sister, she was sent to a Washington finishing school and then given a "coming-out party" in Buffalo. Characteristically, she refused all invitations to dance with mere Buffalo youths, and with the description of this fact the book ends. We shall have to wait for the next volume to learn precisely what she did next, but one may be sure that whatever it was, it was literally or symbolically a running away from Buffalo. Indeed, one may suspect that everything else she ever did was essentially that, for it is a paradox that one cannot be proud of how far one has come from anything without, at the same time, confessing that one has not really come at all.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Postmortem on a Poet

The Lost Leader. A Study of Wordsworth. By Hugh I'Anson Fausset. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.

Literary Friendships in the Age of Wordsworth. Selected and Edited by R. C. Bald. The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

THE favorite pastime of literary critics seems to have become the solving of the problem which was posed for them by Wordsworth when he failed as a poet in or about his fortieth year. Why did he fail, they ask; and each of them has his answer. None of them gives the simplest answer, namely, that it is a mystery—and a pity. No, there is always an ingenious demonstration that after a certain point, and for certain reasons, it grew impossible for Wordsworth to do the great work he once had done. It is as easy to prove this, apparently, as it is to prove that poetry of any kind grows more and more impossible in the modern world. But that is another pastime, and another story.

When H. W. Garrod was professor of poetry at Oxford he announced an explanation of Wordsworth's decline which at least possessed the merit of being arguable, and which was in fact quite plausible. He pointed out that Wordsworth's great period coincided almost exactly with the period of his association with

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Coleridge, and suggested that the break with Coleridge was nothing less than a break with poetry. Herbert Read rejected this explanation on the ground that it was too narrow. What, one wonders, will he have to say about Mr. Fausset's explanation, which is that "Wordsworth was a potential mystic who failed to complete himself at a crucial point, failed to pass from the state of childhood and boyhood when the spiritual is inevitably a condition of the natural to a creative maturity when the natural should be as inevitably a condition of the spiritual." Also that he could not "achieve that ultimate pride which, because it constitutes a scorn of self, is also an ultimate humility." Also that he never contrived, first, to surrender his personality "to the same spirit which impelled it into the pass of self-awareness," and then to "receive it back charged with a higher potency and a deeper awareness, with a consciousness that life and truth are given to him which is so real that he too will desire to possess nothing for himself, but only to give out of a true and perpetually replenished selfhood." "It is for us of the modern world"—ah, yes—"to decide whether we will, in our different but even more challenging circumstances, follow his example."

The trouble with Mr. Fausset's book is not that it is unintelligent, or even that it is untrue; but simply that all of it, for 447 pages, reads like the foregoing—that is to say, like a yoga tract. It purrs along from crisis to crisis in Wordsworth's career, never at a loss for something smooth and improving to say, and never with perceptible ripples, whether of emphasis or of doubt, in its at last so irritating flow of words. Mr. Fausset seems to have become, if such a thing is possible, too much of an expert in spiritual problems. Having straightened out Cowper, Tolstoy, Coleridge, Donne, Tennyson, and Keats, he now straightens out Wordsworth; and robs him of his interest. I can imagine only one thing worse than the poetry which Wordsworth wrote during his last forty years, and that is the poetry which he would have written—so impeccably selfless, so spiritually correct—had he placed himself under Mr. Fausset's guidance.

Mr. Bald's novel and valuable anthology reprints the letters and reminiscences in which Wordsworth, Coleridge, Lamb, Hunt, Hazlitt, Southey, De Quincey, Byron, Keats, Shelley, and others reveal the literary relationships which existed among them.

MARK VAN DOREN

The Whole Jewish Past

A World Passed By. By Marvin Lowenthal. Harper and Brothers. $3.50.

MR. LOWENTHAL'S ambition is strikingly surpassed by his achievement. Among the many worlds of the past that travelers visit—the classic worlds of Greece and Rome, the Arab world that was alight during Europe's Dark Ages, the medieval world, the Renaissance world, and the baroque world so dramatically reintroduced by the Sitwells—there is a world that stands beside all of them but has been consistently passed by, the world of the whole Jewish past. Mr. Lowenthal intended to write a guidebook to this world and to persuade travel to it. He has succeeded superbly in his object. No more eloquent guidebook exists, and if to inform the intelligence more than mere curiosity asks is a service, there is no more useful one. Beginning with a tour of the Louvre, with its splendid collection of Oriental antiquities, Mr. Lowenthal takes us through Europe and North Africa, walking over old graveyards, into crumbling synagogues, and through vanished or transformed ghettos. But the book is more than an amplified guidebook. It is an informal history of the Jews, and draws upon elements too often ignored by the ordinary historian. Each site is brought alive with its associations. Jewish history since the exile provides few of the usual data of history; but the various degrees of autonomy under which Jewish communities lived provide enough matter for the political historian, the peculiar economic role the Jews were forced into offers exciting business to the economist, the strains and stresses of ghetto life, along with insecurity and actual persecutions, produced consequences of extreme interest to social psychologists. Mr. Lowenthal makes sensitive and acute use of his rich material; his writing is urbane without being soft. Indeed, he reveals himself as one of the most graceful writers of our time.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

Secrets of the Prison House

Prison Days and Nights. By Victor E. Nelson. Little, Brown and Company. $2.75.

HERE is a book that needs a reviewer, not so much to seduce an indifferent public into buying and reading it, as to warn a too susceptible public against being too easily taken in by it and its author. The book is too well done and the author too good-looking, too sure of himself, too plausible, to be allowed at large without watching. It is not that the book is not an honest as well as an intelligent performance. Dr. Abraham Myerson, the well-known Boston psychiatrist, who rescued Nelson from imprisonment, set him on his feet, and put the pen in his hand, introduces him as "the articulate prisoner" whom he had long been seeking. Nelson is that and much more—keenly observant, alive to the essentials of the problem which he was set to solve, and doing his job with painstaking thoroughness. But as his dossier, presented by Dr. Myerson, shows, he has since early childhood had little experience of social life except in a prison environment, a fact which qualifies him admirably for an understanding of prison life but leaves him much at a loss in his efforts to evaluate the crime-breeding conditions of the outside world. There, indeed, he appears as a lone wolf, without gangster affiliations or friends of the underworld. For this reason we are compelled to view with suspicion his stories, drawn out in conversation with his fellow-prisoners, of their delinquent careers as well as their reaction to the prison life which they shared together. Much of this, it must be said, bears the stamp of verisimilitude, and may be accepted as fairly representative of certain types of underworld characters, but in some instances Nelson appears too guileless in the hands of his tougher associates. He was too aloof in feeling as well as in worldly experience to share their confidence or to record what was said with the requisite understanding and sympathy. He appears to have made no friends. He didn't belong in that galley.

A newly appointed warden of Sing Sing Prison a dozen or more years ago remarked to a friend: "I'm here only to find an answer to two questions: Why are all these fellows here? and What is the prison doing to them?" And the new warden, hoping, like Nelson, that psychiatry might enable him to find the answers he sought, as well as some cure for the evils that they might reveal, set up in Sing Sing the first psychiatric prison clinic. The warden's questions still await an answer. Victor Nelson, too, was concerned with the same questions. To the first, as has been intimated above, he found no acceptable answer. With the second he was more successful.

It did not remain for Nelson to discover that the American prison is not a reformatory institution. Everybody knows that. The statistics of recidivism confirm it, and there is distinct corroboration of the fact in the recent report of the New York State Commission to Investigate Prison Administration, to the effect that out of 3,415 men committed to State correctional institutions in the year 1931, 2,703, or nearly 80 per cent, had

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known criminal records. We have had many books by prisoners and ex-prisoners describing prison life in terms which fully account for the prison's failure as a reformatory agency, but no other American book has brought so clearly to light the disconcerting fact that the prison, as we have it today, is a positive agency of moral deterioration as well. One can only refer the reader to the book itself, especially to the chapters, Prison Days, Prison Nights, Men Without Women, and Prison Stupor, to convince him of the truth of this assertion.

It would be unfair to close this review without reference to Thomas Mott Osborne's heroic and largely successful efforts to change these conditions at Auburn and Sing Sing and, later, at the United States Naval Prison at Portsmouth, and to the persistent labors of the prison authorities of the federal government and of half a dozen of the States, as well as of Russia and other foreign countries, to develop new types of prisons for different types of offenders, but these are not yet sufficiently advanced to judge of their efficacy. It is to be hoped that Nelson's book will stimulate them and many others to increasingly radical effort to solve the prison problem.

The book which we have been considering was produced in response to Dr. Myerson's question, "What does the prisoner think of the psychiatrist?" We would put to Dr. Myerson the question: What does the psychiatrist think of the prisoner?

GEORGE W. KIRCHWEY

Bergson's Creative Ethics

Les Deux Sources de la Morale et de la Religion. By Henri Bergson. Paris: Alcan.

IN this book, the first from Bergson's pen in ten years, and his first important work since the "Evolution Créatrice" twenty-five years ago, the eminent French philosopher not only rounds out a great philosophic career but contributes a sharp and masterly insight, as well as a highly courageous affirmation, in a field where intellectual confusion and moral timidity are too often the rule.

To situate the work in reference to Bergson's philosophic career, it should be recalled that Bergsonism, popularly identified by the slogans intuitionism and anti-intellectualism, arose in connection with the idealistic reaction against the "scientism" of the end of the nineteenth century. In opposition to the mechanistic psychologies which sought to build up the human mind in static terms and entirely from the outside, Bergson took his stand on a reflexive analysis of human experience, which revealed for him a dynamic flow of "duration" irreducible to the static categories of the scientific intelligence. To this effort to apprehend experience in its direct flow and not in terms of the external stopping-points of its attention, Bergson later gave the term intuition—an unfortunate designation, as it proved, responsible for the plague of popularity which beset Bergson's career. Bergson's intuition became an apology for any doctrine which either could not or would not be justified by its advocates on intellectual grounds—from Catholic modernism to direct-action syndicalism. But if Bergson opposed intuition to intelligence, it was not to flatter reasons of the heart over reasons of the mind; it was rather to oppose the creative source of thought to the created and crystallized categories which, once created, function more or less automatically. Bergson himself was accustomed to bring out the fact that in every crisis of science—as, for example, in the passage from the fixed geometry of the ancients to the modern differential calculus—we have a subtle creative movement of thought which is the work of dynamic intuition.

Because of the way in which science and traditional religion are lined up as rival political parties in contemporary culture, it was always possible to impute to Bergsonism the motive of attacking science for the sake of defending religion. This has been rendered impossible by the present work. For what Bergson has essentially done is to take the same critical guns which he formerly trained on scientism and turn them on traditional ethics and religion. By a striking rapprochement he puts on one and the same natural level the ordinary use of the intelligence, the "closed" social ethics of the tribe, and the myth-making faculty which invents religion in accordance with a biologically ordained function of social solidification and individual encouragement. All these powers may be regarded equally as nature's "intentions" for the human species—meaning by that what is presupposed in the normal career of the species, apart from any creative advances made through exceptional individuals. The conformity of the human individual to the social group is as much a part of the order of things as the subordination of the individual ant or bee to the insect group in the various insect societies—the only difference being that since man happens to be a creature using intelligence rather than instinct, a greater range of variability is allowed for in the very conformity of the individual to the social whole. As for religion—or more properly what Bergson calls static religion—it issues from a faculty of fabulation or protective hallucination which is part of man's natural endowment and serves as a counterweight to his other organic powers. Specifically it serves to counteract the effects of an unbridled use of the intelligence, both in so far as such a use of the intelligence would have counseled an individual egoism to the point of destroying social life, and also in so far as intelligence even on the individual plane would have driven man to despair by giving him an impersonal appreciation of the vast natural forces before he created a science to control them. By personalizing and humanizing the world of nature, religion makes the individual at home in the world, even as it attaches him more closely to the tribe by calling in the sanctions of the next world to support those of civil society.

If these human powers were as completely fixed as the instincts of animals, it would be futile to talk of progress and creative effort. But in passing from instinct to intelligence, biological evolution created reflection, and with reflection a glimmer of intuition, which is for Bergson a direct conscious participation in the *élan vital* which is behind all creation. This power of intuition, which in the theoretical field is responsible for all the creative turning-points in the progress of science, is in the practical field responsible for the emotion and action of the heroes and seers of mankind who have moved forward toward an "open ethics" embracing all mankind. And here ethical action is no longer related to religion externally, in the way that one organic habit is reinforced by another; it is identical with the dynamic and mystical religious participation in the creative movement behind the whole universe.

Bergson does not hesitate to identify his dynamic religion with mysticism. But he is careful to point out that complete mysticism is not contemplation but action. And, indeed, mysticism, far from being for him a self-intoxication into ecstasy, serves rather to define the direction and justification of creative action. In the realization of its aims—as one may gather from Bergson's all-too-brief discussion of internationalism and industrialism in his concluding chapter—it is highly realistic and "rational," possessing the advantage over ordinary realism of appreciating the exceptional and creative character of its intuition and not confounding it, self-defeatingly, in the system of "created" and mechanized nature. Since it is a question of moving the system forward to new stages of creation, the inspiration which is to be the moving force is not to be found by examining the system itself but by plumbing the creative depths behind all systems.

Perhaps therein lies the application of Bergson's philosophy to the present problems that confront American intellectuals

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and liberals. Challenged by the Marxian interpretation of history and having never examined the source and validity of the ideals they have inherited, they have become thoroughly bewildered, and alternate between a completely cynical economic realism and a sentimental glorification of communist force. They do not realize that the first thing needful is a standard of value, an orientation from which they may observe and criticize realistically, and then create, in proportion to their lights, idealistically.

BENJAMIN GINZBURG

Shorter Notices

The First Lover and Other Stories. By Kay Boyle. Harrison Smith and Robert Haas. $2.

Like so many other women writers in our time Miss Boyle reminds us more often of the born lyricist struggling hard to adapt herself to the narrative medium than of the born story-teller passionately absorbed by character in action. While it is true that the compression required in the short-story form imposes some discipline on the excesses of subjectivity that marred Miss Boyle's last novel, the majority of these tales are constantly on the verge of flowing over into pure poetry. Such a story as Three Little Men, for example, shades off into verse, and is printed as such, at the end. The poetry, of course, is diffuse, and in other ways as well falls short of the best standards of the form to which it aspires. In addition to the general facility of sensibility reflected in Miss Boyle's poetic style, one must object to a certain artifice in the use of metaphor—the use of similes, in particular, that are so far-fetched that they defeat their purpose. The effect of these is not so much to render the object more vivid as to call attention to the author's cleverness. Not only is an impression of insincerity the result of these quasi-poetic effects of language but also an increasing sense of monotony in Miss Boyle's work. For whether it is the adolescent boy in His Idea of a Mother or the innocent young girl in The Meeting of the Stones, the sensibility rendered is substantially the same. And the reason, of course, is that this sensibility is from first to last Miss Boyle's own.

Memories of a Misspent Youth (1872-1896). By Grant Richards. Harper and Brothers. $3.

Mr. Richards has written his "success story" with a difference: the surface is evenly spread with equal quantities of gossip and charm, but directly beneath them and between the lines is the self-portrait of a hard-headed, practical publisher and man of business. His training was of the best, for he came from a family of Oxford dons, whose poverty drove him into the offices of a wholesale bookseller. There he learned the market value of books so well that by the time he stepped into an editorial chair on the *Review of Reviews* his knowledge of how to publicize popular books seemed to be derived from a divine source. Naturally such a man—ambitious, bright, and apparently naive—would make an admirable publisher. The fact that he mentions his grave mistake in not acquiring the translation rights for the works of Anatole France is significant; the success of his other ventures is implied. Mr. Richards modestly garnishes his memoirs with recollections of Churton Collins, Frank Harris, Oscar Wilde, William Watson, George Moore, and Bernard Shaw. The anecdotes are both amusing and discreet, and in the very character of their recital we have a clue to Mr. Richards's brilliance in handling prospective authors. It would have been extremely difficult to refuse any favor, large or small, he might care to ask, for he is both persistent and self-effacing. Max Beerbohm has supplied the volume with a particularly ingenuous introduction, and William Rothenstein's portrait of the author serves as a frontispiece.

Art

Life Beating the Door In

This I do, being mad:
Gather baubles about me,
Sit in a circle of toys, and all the time
Death beating the door in.

White jade and an orange pitcher,
Hindu idol, Chinese god—
Maybe next year, when I'm richer—
Carved beads and a lotus pod . . .

And all this time
Death beating the door in.

SUBSTITUTE for Edna St. Vincent Millay's Chinese gods and orange pitchers some seashells and spotted birds' eggs, a wheel and a string of rosy onions tied with baby-blue rosettes, a bamboo cross and a paper butterfly on a big bright pin, and you have the sinister frivolity of Pierre Roy, foremost among surréaliste painters and poet of spiritual wastes.

In his preface to the catalogue of the current Roy exhibition at Brummer's Gallery, Jean Cocteau expounds and explains the painter as a creature whose art "prolongs his childhood and seems able to take the place of love for him," and compares his paintings to machines "whose products are more akin to the dream than to stern reality." America, he adds, "prizes highly such creations, as she instinctively detects in them a spiritual luxury and goods of vital necessity."

And, indeed, Roy presents a combination of two things which are part of the American pattern: great technical skill and that nostalgia for the strange and the primitive which is more or less clumsily called "escape complex," and generally blamed on the machine. Any artist who makes his living by capturing in color the succulent reds of bologna and the fine enameled gleams of a safety razor or an automobile can approach Pierre Roy with fellow-feeling, for Roy, like himself, has put all his thought and talent and pleasure in materials at the service of subjects in themselves without meaning in the daily chores of the artist's life, things not paramount in his emotions, but subtly, subconsciously, symbols of unease and frustration. Thus, curiously, the needs of commercial art, which impose on the artist emphasis on skill and emotional aloofness from subject, converge with the extreme left of modern art and its emphasis on mechanics and materials, divorced from emotion of subject.

Technically Pierre Roy is about flawless. He paints with the jeweled detail and the supreme sense of color and surface of a Flemish master. Your mind ricochets to de Hooch and Vermeer and ricochets back to Roy, and shatters against his disturbing juxtapositions, his vast silence, his complete negation of the gusto in things human and things daily which you found in Vermeer. You find the square root of the taste of escape in his endless solicitudes, his solemnly significant gadgets, his portrait of a woman which turns out to be only a picture of a print—and the taste is like water organically pure, and Dead Sea apples. Your city becomes a mirage and your life less than trivial, the tail-end of things past. Under the spell of his technical mastery, his implacable innocence, his utter withdrawal from all your concerns, you find yourself forced to seek other escape, and to defend yourself, if you can, by saying the man is mad—mad enough to repudiate his world, salvaging odd driftwood, bits of string, and some onions. And all the time life beating the door in.

ANITA BRENNER

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Music

The Subversive Jew

IT would be a mistake to think that the current German anti-Semitism in musical matters is a mere by-product of the general Nazi anti-Semitic agitation, or that it is likely to disappear when the first excitement is over. For Nazi doctrine condemns the Jew in music not merely because he is the brother of the Jew in finance, or in Marxism, but because he is the cause of the downfall of music itself. Such at least is the thesis of Richard Eichenauer's "Musik und Rasse" ("Music and Race"), a book issued last fall in Munich by the publishers of "Deutschlands Erneuerung," "Adel und Rasse," "Kunst und Rasse," "Rasse und Stil," and many similar contributions to the intellectual distinction of the present Teutonic renascence.

Eichenauer claims to have started from the wish to justify the repugnance he felt for modern music, and the desire to show that it was based on objectively valid standards—not merely the reactionary anti-modernism of critics of all ages. What more natural than to blame Jewish influence, already proved responsible for the political, social, and economic decay of modern Germany: to show that the greatness of European music has always depended on Nordic predominance, and that its destruction has come through a Near Eastern race, to whom everything Occidental is essentially alien, who have first imitated what they could not truly understand or feel at first hand, and who are now bent upon destroying it altogether.

The major part of the book is taken up with a twofold racial diagnosis of the great European composers. The task of judging their racial background from their pictures Eichenauer has left to Professor Hans F. K. Günther. Günther is the author of several books on racial subjects, and champion of the theory that it was Nordic dominance that brought ancient Greek culture to its height. His adventures among composers' pictures yield strange results: Palestrina, Monteverdi, Verdi, Bizet, are among those in whom Nordic blood predominates. (Evidently, the word Nordic covers a multitude of virtues.) The problems of musical psychology are problems no longer. Beethoven's music, for example, which always represents struggle and eventual victory, is but the mirror of his racial make-up: the victory is of his Nordic elements over "those powers of darkness"—his Eastern elements! (This is literal translation.) But where the external and internal evidence do not agree so neatly, Eichenauer is not disturbed. For although when Günther's physical diagnosis agrees with Eichenauer's musical one they are to be regarded as confirming each other, Eichenauer has warned us that when they differ it does not follow "in these times of racial mixture" that the musical diagnosis is wrong. Thus Bizet is generally acknowledged to have been half Jewish, but Eichenauer's faith in his ability to sense racial characteristics in music is such that he does not hesitate to reject the idea on internal evidence alone. "Would it have been possible," he asks, "for Bizet to give the most perfect expression of the Western soul known to music ["Carmen"] if he had felt it only at second hand [wenn er ihn nur "nachempfunden" hätte]?"

For that, according to Eichenauer, is the Jew's role in Western music: he cannot feel as the Nordic soul does, but he can adapt himself to the style of Nordic expression. If one takes the cases of Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer, for example, one may say that both possessed the peculiarly great adaptability of the Jew: "Mendelssohn adapted himself to the good, Meyerbeer to the bad elements in their hosts." But it is in modern music that the truly destructive influence of the Jew is felt. In atonal and quarter-tone music he sets out to destroy what is fundamentally foreign to him—the harmonious polyphony developed by the great Nordic composers. Thus one sees how much greater is the gap between the Nordic and the Jewish spirits than between Nordic and Western, or Dinaric, or East Baltic. For whereas the stream of Nordic music is able to accept tributaries of these latter, "when the Near Eastern spirit is once really liberated" it destroys "not only the spiritual content of European art but its formal foundations as well." For one in search of an explanation of the barbarism of modern music, this is one way of disposing of Schönberg. Just how it affects the non-Jewish Stravinsky, Bartok, Hindemith, Satie—each of whom has had something to do with modern music—we are left to guess, since Eichenauer does not mention any of them.

Jewish music and musicians are treated explicitly as such only at the very end of the book, and in an apparently incidental and inconspicuous manner. But the peroration of this chapter makes up in intensity for what it lacks in length, and deserves to be quoted textually. After bemoaning the fact that German musical life is overrun with Jewish artists, Jewish managers, Jewish critics, Jewish teachers, Eichenauer asks:

> Who can wonder that the taste of the people gradually takes on a Jewish tinge? . . . When one permits the bastardization of whole peoples, nay, whole continents, without lifting a finger against it, can one expect anything else than that the mongrel races so produced will allow themselves to be mastered by a small horde of sly, Near Eastern, trader-natures [schlauer vorderasiatischen Händlernaturen]? For a thousand years a racially healthy Europe under Nordic guidance withstood the Jewish danger. Only when it sacrificed its racial integrity was it overpowered by "the plastic demon of the downfall of mankind (Richard Wagner)."

ARTHUR MENDEL

Films

Tragedy and the Screen

"M," THE German-language film at the Mayfair, is based on the crimes and the final apprehension by the police of the famous child murderer of Düsseldorf. Certainly no subject could be more inherently horrible, more dangerously open to a facile sensationalism of treatment. Yet such are the tact and the genius with which Fritz Lang has handled it that the result is something at once more significant than either the horror story, pure and simple, represented by "Caligari" and the "Rue Morgue," or the so-called psychological "document" of the type which Germany has sent us so often in the past. The result is, in fact, a film which answers to most of the demands of classical tragedy. In the first place Lang has concentrated his interest not on the circumstances but on the social and human consequences of the crimes. We are shown a whole city thrown into panic by what is for every class the least pardonable of all acts of violence. The police have failed in their efforts to find the criminal; the underworld of crooks, thieves, and beggars, in order to guarantee their own security, organize themselves in a man hunt. At the end it is the latter and not the police who ferret out the guilty one in the dark recesses of a factory storeroom. All this, of course, provides a formal suspense more sustained than would any playing on the usual modes of physical horror. It also provides a certain nervous relief. The horror, as is proper and necessary in the films, is conveyed by implication rather than representation. It is implied through a very few miraculously appropriate symbols—a child's toy balloon caught in a telegraph wire, a

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child's ball rolling to a stop from the scene of the crime. Bloodlust is identified with the strain of Grieg which the criminal whistles whenever the passion is upon him. The whole pattern —lust, the victim, and the circumstances—is symbolized in the frame of glittering knives in which the criminal, staring in a shop window, sees the image of his latest victim reflected. Because these symbols are one and all visual or aural, peculiar to the talking screen, they serve to make "M" of the very highest technical interest. But they are not enough to explain why it may also be considered a great tragedy. For the crystallization of these symbols in an emotion absolutely realized in the spectator and effecting in him a genuine Aristotelian catharsis, the flawless acting of Peter Lorre is perhaps finally responsible. In his rendering of the paralysis of frustrated lust in the scene on the cafe terrace, for example, he gives us an intuition of the conflict of will and desire such as we are accustomed to only in the great classic dramas when they are played by great tragic actors. And in the last scene, when he stands at bay before the assembled underworld seated in judgment, his wide-eyed, inarticulate defense is made the equivalent of those long passages of rhetoric at the close of Greek or Elizabethan plays in which the hero himself is forced to admit his helplessness before the forces which have undone him. The modern psychopath, through Peter Lorre's acting, attains to the dignity of the tragic hero. It does not matter that the forces are no longer on the outside. They are perhaps the more ruthless for being inside him. The *moirae* may be given different names by the doctors, the judges, and the audience, but they have lost none of their ancient inevitability.

The last thing that may be said about "M," therefore, is that it confirms our belief in the continued vitality of the tragic emotion. Few other attempts to substitute for the old gods, fates, or destiny a modern fatalism of psychological mechanisms have been so successful. The difficulty has seemed at times (as in O'Neill's "Electra") that the latter are too subjective ever to take the place of the former. But it may only have been some failure or insufficiency of the artistic process at work. It may be that Fritz Lang and Peter Lorre are better artists in their fields than most of those who have sought to revive tragedy in our time. Or it may be—and "M" gives strength to the supposition—that the cinema is able to supply a language for modern tragic experience that is at once fresher, more various, and more poetic than the flat statement of naturalistic drama. Our speech, we are often enough told, has suffered in the marketplace. Our language symbols are abraded and our rhythms dissolved. But through the distinct symbols and closer pantomimic acting possible on the screen the whole world of tragic reality may once again be reopened to us.

WILLIAM TROY

Drama

Entr'acte

I DO not think that I overestimate the importance of either Broadway or its theater. After fifteen years of familiarity with both I can, on occasion, breathe other air without much difficulty, and I once spent fifteen contented months without going inside a playhouse. I do, nevertheless, still think it both odd and regrettable that what our theater has to offer should be so largely confined to New York City.

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ignorant of the best that is thought or done in the other literary arts, and as for the vulgarer emanations of the city, one would find it difficult to go far enough away to escape having them thrust upon one. Recently, for example, I happened to be visiting a village just large enough to support one daily paper and one movie. The former proudly displayed the lucubrations of Arthur Brisbane, Walter Winchell, and O. O. McIntyre, as well as one entire page devoted to the adventures of Colonel Hoople, Little Bennie, et al. The movie was offering the same film which Broadway had seen only a few weeks before, and as I was meditating upon these things I heard the muffled voice of a radio in the next room proclaiming that the jazz about to be heard "comes to you from the ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria." But of course this town had no theater.

Certain of the more enlightened inhabitants asked with a pathetically abstract interest about this play or that concerning which they happened to have heard. A few even hoped to be able to pay another visit to New York within the next year or two, and it was evident that they considered the opportunity to see a few plays one of the chief inducements. Yet they seemed to have entirely forgotten that in this one respect their isolation had increased, that thirty years ago such a town as theirs would have been far less completely cut off from the American stage than it is today. While the newspaper syndicate, the movies, and the radio have been more and more completely permeating the nation, the theater has withdrawn itself step by step until it is scarcely more than a local phenomenon.

The fault lies rather with the show business itself than with the community. Everyone knows how the "trust" destroyed itself by all but fraudulent methods, and how its only policy seemed to be the policy of the street carnival—get all you can and then run as fast as possible; next week the Rubes will have forgotten and will be ready to be done again. It is no wonder that the movies triumphed by considering the goodwill of the customer; no wonder that the road is said to be dead. The only wonder is that it is still waiting for an organization that will take it seriously and make a real effort to supply its need.

Meanwhile, the little theaters continue to flourish even though they are seldom heard of outside their individual communities. What these latter really need is a little more respect for themselves, a little less tendency to follow slavishly the fashions of Broadway. Indeed, I only wish that the members of every one of them could be brought to meditate on the philosophical implications of the old story of the provincial visitor who, at the end of a performance, asked his guide if all the actors lived in New York and who, when he was told that they did, said, "Well, it's a pretty good show for local talent."

All talent is local somewhere, and if I lived on Main Street I should try to remember that fact. Sinclair Lewis has had his say and he was at least half right, but there are two "village viruses" and one of them is called the inferiority complex.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

The theme of "The Party's Over," at the Vanderbilt Theater, is the ancient one of the parasitic relatives. This time the victim is an elder brother, obliged to support his mother, father, sister, younger brother, and finally his sister's crooner husband and his brother's ex-waitress wife. Of course the elder brother is in love on his own account with a charming woman who nearly gives him up because of his imagined obligations to his family, but he conveniently fails in business at the last moment, and tells his family that they have legs, arms, and heads and will have to use them. This does not sound like the most promising material, but through competent structure, fairly crisp dialogue, plausible if not very original characterization, and the acting, particularly of Ross Alexander as the young crooner, the play is kept from flagging. H. H.

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